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## Preface

The following play is an exact reprint of the original edition of 1658. It is hardly necessary to emphasize the desirability of this mode of reproduction, since it renders a text available not only for literary but for linguistic study as well. I have so closely adhered to the original that I have copied obvious errors, even the occasional inverted letters, so as to retain as nearly as possible the flavor of the original. Though many are obvious, I have corrected each one in the Notes.

I wish to express my deep gratitude to my teachers Doctor Felix E. Schelling and Doctor Clarence G. Child for aid and inspiration extending far beyond the confines of this book.

C. K. M.

Lehigh University,  
June, 1914.



## INTRODUCTION



## INTRODUCTION

Little material for a biography of William Chamberlaine is to be found. He was born at Shaftesbury, Dorsetshire, in 1619. His father was Dr. Peter Chamberlaine. William became a Cavalier physician, a soldier, and a poet. There is only one occasion upon which he is known to have gone from his native locality; this was when as a soldier "he fought among the royalists at the second battle of Newbury,"\* October 27, 1644. To this event he alludes in

"I must

Let my pen rest awhile, and see the rust  
Scoured from my own sword; for a fatal day  
Draws on those gloomy hours.

. . . . . If in  
This rising storm of blood, which doth begin  
To drop already, I'm not washed into  
The grave, my next safe quarter shall renew  
Acquaintance with Pharonnida.—Till then,  
I leave the Muses—to converse with men."†

If we may judge by *Love's Victory*, Chamberlaine was unswerving in his allegiance to his king.‡ In this play there is "plenty of loyal sentiment."§ Indeed, "Oroandes is the very abstraction of loyalty—of high and principled loyalty."\*\* As a poet Chamberlaine is known for *Love's Victory*, a tragicomedy; *Pharonnida*,

\*Chambers, *Cyclopaedia of English Literature*, 1902.

†Saintsbury, *Minor Poets of the Caroline Period*, 1905, vol. i, *Pharonnida*, end of Book II. Other references to this volume by Saintsbury are to be found in his *General Introduction* and *Introduction to William Chamberlayne*.

‡For a passage on fidelity to the king, see ll. 2407-2418 following.

§*The Dictionary of National Biography*.

\*\*Robinson, *Retrospective Review*, 1820, vol. i, p. 264.

an epic; and *England's Jubile*, a panegyric on the restoration of King Charles. He wished to associate with notable literary men but because of insufficient wealth and inferior social position was unable. "Fortune," he laments, "hath placed me in too low a sphere to be happy in the acquaintance of the age's more celebrated wits."\* In his drama he dilates on the incongruities of social castes.† Of him as a poet Gosse says: "He was separated, not merely from the new classical school, but from the old Marianists ['metaphysical'] school. He is not a Marianist at all, he goes back much further for his inspiration, he inherits much from Browne, much from Sidney, much from followers of Spenser."‡ Chamberlaine on the other hand influenced not only certain minor poets but Keats and Byron as well.§ Saintsbury says, "That Keats must have had direct obligations to *Pharonnida* has never been matter of doubt since people began to study Keats seriously."\*\* In Chamberlaine "parallels have been found . . . both to *Endymion* and *Don Juan*."†† He died January 11, 1689,‡‡ and "was buried at Shaftesbury in the churchyard of Holy Trinity"§§ where his "son to whom he had given the sounding and romantic name of Valentine Chamberlaine"‡ erected a monument to his memory. A portrait of the poet is said to precede the original text of *Pharonnida*, but as to this

\*Saintsbury, *l. c.*, *Pharonnida*, *The Epistle to the Reader*.

†See ll. 483-503 following.

‡Gosse, *From Shakespeare to Pope*, 1885, pp. 168-173.

§See other persons on p. x.

\*\*Saintsbury, *l. c.*

††Chambers, *l. c.*

‡‡Saintsbury in his book already mentioned and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, eleventh edition, have 1679. On my writing to Saintsbury about these dates he replied: "1679 is pretty certainly a misprint." Likewise, on inquiring of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* the reply came: "the date 1679 given for the death of William Chamberlayne . . . must be a misprint."

§§*The Dictionary of National Biography*.

Saintsbury remarks that there is a portrait (? generally absent), in [the edition of] 1659.”\*

*England's Jubile*, Chamberlaine's last-printed poem, is his shortest one—containing two-hundred and ninety-eight lines. From the original title-page of this poem we learn that it was printed in London “for Robert Clavell at the Stags-head in St. Pauls church yard, 1660.”\* The theme of *England's Jubile* is the happy return of Charles the Second. Saintsbury asserts his reprint of this poem in the *Minor Poets of the Caroline Period* is the first. Of it in that volume he says: “It is certainly the best of the poems on the Restoration next to Dryden's.”

Verily, a pretentious monument of ambition is Chamberlaine's epic, *Pharonnida*, “one of the longest works in verse in the English language, extending to 13,000 lines.”† Its original title-page reads: “Pharonnida: A Heroick Poem. By William Chamberlayne Of Shaftesbury in the County of Dorcet. [Here there is a Greek motto.] London, Printed for Robert Clavell, at the Sign of the Stags-head neer St. Gregories Church in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1659.”\* This production presents the formidability of an epic: it contains five books; each book, five cantos; and at the beginning of each canto, two quatrains, called “The Argument”—which is “almost useless,” Saintsbury observes.\* It is written in heroic couplet. As to the merits of *Pharonnida* opinions vary from the one extreme of Langbaine, whose estimate is the first recorded, to the other of Saintsbury. The former thinks that “it hath nothing to recommend it.”† The latter maintains that “to some extent, the Heroic Poem might not do unwisely to choose Chamberlayne its champion.” “I have myself,” he continues, “a very great admiration for Chamberlayne,” “if not *the* poet,

\*Saintsbury, *l. c.*

†Gosse, *l. c.*

‡Langbaine, *An Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, 1691, p. 57.

a poet and little less than a great one, for those who enjoy the 'poetic moment,' the 'single-instant' pleasure of image and phrase and musical accompaniment of sound."\* In 1683 *Pharonnida* reappeared under the guise of a prose novel called *Eromena, or the Noble Stranger*. Of this "tiny pamphlet containing some seventy small pages of large print" Saintsbury remarks: "The earlier cantos are paraphrased with some fulness; the bulk of the story is altogether omitted. As *Pharonnida* becomes *Eromena*, so does *Argalia* take the alias of *Horatio*." He says of *Eromena* that "The thing, which acknowledges no indebtedness, is worthless enough; and only curious because of the admixture of Chamberlayne's own original and highly poetic phrases with the flattest prose." *Pharonnida* was first reprinted in 1820. This edition does not contain the name of its editor. Saintsbury, however, informs his name was "Singer," i. e. S. W. Singer. The only other edition of Chamberlaine's epic is Saintsbury's. Finally, other notable men having passed critical judgment on *Pharonnida*, heroic in a double sense, all appreciative of some qualities of it, are Thomas Campbell,† "who was pleased to be the first critic to resuscitate the *Pharonnida*,"‡ Robert Southey,§ and Edmund Gosse.†

*Love's Victory*, the first published production by Chamberlaine, is the only drama that he wrote. In behalf of this play he was a suppliant at the feet of Sir William Portman, but no record tells what passed between them.\*\* Both the drama and the epic were dedicated by Chamberlaine to Portman. The year of Portman's birth is dubiously stated as 1641. Chamberlaine in

\*Saintsbury, *l. c.* See this place also for the following three quotations.

†Campbell, *Specimens of the British Poets*, 1853, p. 257.

‡Gosse, *l. c.*

§Southey, *Poetical Works* collected by himself in 1837, *The Vision of the Maid of Orleans*, Book 1, note on l. 316.

\*\*See *To the Right Worshipful Sir WILLIAM PORTMAN, Baronet*, following.

the dedication of *Love's Victory* calls him a "youth."\* On the death of his father in 1648 William succeeded in the baronetcy. He matriculated on April 26, 1659, at All Souls' College, Oxford. At the Restoration he was created a knight of the Bath by Charles II and repeatedly sat in Parliament. Sir Edward Seymour aside, Portman was regarded as influential a Tory as was to be found in the west of England. During the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth he was actively engaged in the service of King James II. He captured Monmouth on July 8, 1685, and was thereafter with Lord Lumley appointed to watch the duke day and night until the fugitive was taken to Whitehall previous to his confinement in the Tower. Portman in November, 1688, transferred his devotion to James to the Prince of Orange. The latter intended him for a high position, it is said; but death intervened in 1690. Although thrice married Portman left no descendants, whereupon his baronetcy became extinct.

In endeavoring to determine the possible source or sources of *Love's Victory* we come upon a perplexing subject, made all the more so by the scantiness of biographical material pertaining to Chamberlaine. Although *Love's Victory* and *Pharonnida* were published in 1658 and 1659 respectively, they were according to their author's own words in process of composition more than fourteen years earlier. Of the former he says: *'it being then in the embryo, when with us, War first made the present Age unhappy.'* In the latter at the end of Book II he writes:

"I must

Let my pen rest awhile, and see the rust  
Scoured from my sword; for a fatal day  
Draws on."

\*See 1. 24 following.

These two passages allude to the Civil War, which began in 1642. Chamberlaine had opportunity, as already implied, to brandish his scoured sword in the second battle of Newbury, 1644. This was his only engagement. He, born in 1619, must consequently have begun *Love's Victory* and *Pharonnida* when younger than twenty-five. Besides, during the interval of fourteen-odd years between their inception and their completion in 1658 and 1659 he must have thought them out contemporaneously. It can therefore hardly be otherwise than that one production took color from the other. As regards the source of *Pharonnida* Saintsbury writes that Italy was responsible for the "romanticized epic" in Europe from the latter sixteenth century to almost the end of the seventeenth. *Pharonnida*, moreover, has "something of the late romance of the Amadis type in it" and "intended references to the *Aeneid*," "but perhaps [*Pharonnida*] linked itself most of all to the prose *Aethiopica* of Heliodorus." "The resemblance, indeed, between *Pharonnida* and the type of the Greek romance generally is very strong."\*

These words of Saintsbury, because of the probable interaction of Chamberlaine's two productions, are significant as to the possible source of *Love's Victory*. Indeed, the *Aethiopica* of Heliodorus in Chamberlaine's day was a literary mine of the richest ore. Of it Michael Oeftering writes: "die oft recht verschlungen Bahnen . . . die der Roman Heliodors auf seiner glorreichen Wanderung durch fast alle europäischen Litteraturen eingeschlagen hat."† Oeftering in the *Inhaltsübersicht* of his work just quoted mentions the following men with their books, appearing before *Love's Victory*, that owe something to this Grecian romance: "Heliodor und der Roman . . . In England :

\*Saintsbury, *l. c.*, see for all these quotations.

†Oeftering, *Litterarhistorische Forschungen*, Heft XVIII, *Heliodor und seine Bedeutung für die Litteratur*, 1901, *Vorwort*.

James Sandford : Amorous Tales. — Philip Sidney : Arcadia. — William Warner : Pan his Syrinx. — Burton : Anatomy of Melancholy. — Roger Boyle : Parthenissa. ... Heliodor auf der Bühne ... In England : Eine verlorene Chariclea. — Shakspeare. — Gough : The Strange Discovery." Furthermore, Oeftering says this of English versions of Heliodorus's book in Chamberlaine's day: "An Aethiopian History ... Englished by Thomas Underdowne [1569]. ... 1577 die vorige ; Whibley nennt diese Ausgabe die erste, ebenso die Athenae Oxonienses. — 1587 die vorige. — 1591 The beginning of Heliodorus, in Hexametern von Abraham Fraunce. ... The Countesse of Pembroke's Yvychurch. — 1592 ... die vorige. — 1605 ... die Uebersetzung Underdowns. — 1627 ... — 1634 ... von William L'Isle in fünffüssigen Jamben. — 1638 die vorigen."\* Whibley,† a recent editor of Underdowne's *Aethiopica*, remarks that "Heliodorus was a favorite from Elizabeth's reign to the close of the seventeenth century." On the strength of all this information it is virtually impossible not to believe that the *Aethiopica* was suggestive in *Love's Victory*. This inference is not refuted by the fact that neither Oeftering nor Whibley in writing of the influence of the *Aethiopica* on English literature mentions Chamberlaine. Doubtless neither one was aware of Chamberlaine's drama or the parallelism between it and Heliodorus's romance.

There is enough of parallelism between the *Aethiopica* and *Love's Victory* to prevent us from shutting our eyes to the subject. In the former there is a general of the king of Egypt with the name of Oroondates; in the latter a general of the king of Sicily

\*Oeftering, *l. c.*

†Whibley, *An Aethiopian History by Heliodorus*, Englished by Underdowne in 1587, *Introduction*, 1895. Heliodorus's "best hope of immortality lies in this version of Underdowne," says Whibley.

with the name of Oroandes. In the first Theagenes and Cariclia meeting in the temple at Delphi fall in love with each other; in the second Oroandes chancing upon Eurione in the temple at Syracuse becomes enamored of her who pledges him her future love. Cariclia in the *Aethiopica* and Eurione—and Heroína as well—in *Love's Victory* are subjected to trials of chastity but stoutly maintain their purity. In the romance Thyamis and in the drama Vanlore, both men of rank, are made captains of bandits. As wanton Rhodopis in the *Aethiopica*, going into the temple ostensibly to worship, arouses lust in the priest; so chaste Eurione in *Love's Victory*, performing her rites in the temple, finds the priest becomes lewd. Where in the romance the leech Ascestics diagnoses the ailment of Cariclia as love, so in the drama the physician Vanlore regards Theocrine's symptoms the same malady; furthermore, both these ladies feign the love of certain persons in order that at last they may be united with men who are the choice of their heart. Cariclia's reproof of Theagenes for his seeming wantonness finds its analogue in Eurione's words to Oroandes. As the beauty of the former woman captivates Nausicles, whom he secures from Mitranes, a captain; so the beauty of the latter woman causes the king to wrest her from her lover Oroandes, the general. Moreover, as Cariclia is the prize in the fight between Theagenes and Pelorus, so Eurione becomes the source of strife between Oroandes and the king. In the *Aethiopica* Arsace, the wife of Oroandes, desires illicit relation with the young priest Thyamis; in *Love's Victory* the young priest lusts after Eurione in the temple. The lovers in the romance, Cariclia and Theagenes, are presented as booty of battle to King Hydaspes; the brother and sister in the drama, Eurione and Zannazarro, become spoils of rebellion for the "King." Finally, just as those two splendid lovers in the *Aethiopica* are released and exalted by King Hydaspes, so also the sister and the brother in *Love's Victory* when about

to be sacrificed are freed and advanced by the "King." This parallelism compels one to believe that Chamberlaine in his *Love's Victory* was under the influence of that man Heliodorus, "sonne of Theodosius, which fetched his petigree from the Sunne."\*

Again, in such facts as the following there is confirmation of the probability that *Pharonnida* and *Love's Victory* influenced each other. In both productions Vanlore is the name of a character. In the former occurs

"when the crusted earth

Was tinselled o'er with frost";†

in the latter Zannazarro

"must fall before

With ages frost he 's tinsel'd o're."‡

In addition, the drama of Chamberlaine's time had a shaping influence on *Love's Victory*.

However, beyond all this explanation of possible origin of his play Chamberlaine himself should have what is without doubt his due. Much, perhaps very much, of its source was to be found in the dramatist's mind; for in word, in line, in passage, singly and together, he evinces cunning to fuse and transfuse a medley mass into literary metal of no mean quality.

*Love's Victory* contains a main plot and a subsidiary plot. The former, enacted by persons of rank, involves the serious issues of the play; the latter, performed by simple characters, furnishes comic relief. In the revision of *Love's Victory* the lighter story was wholly removed and another substituted.§ The incidents of the drama happen in Sicily. Let us look at each plot separately and the serious one first. Oroandes is appointed successor to the

\*The conclusion of Heliodorus's *Aethiopica* by Underdowne, ed. Whibley.

†Saintsbury, Book I, Canto IV.

‡See ll. 1283, 1284 following.

§See p. xxii.

deceased general of Sicily. At this the young lord Zannazarro rebels. War ensues. During its progress Oroandes when wounded enters the temple in which Eurione, Zannazarro's sister, happens to be; and he is at once captivated by her beauty. Into this place Zannazarro and his soldiers come violently; but Oroandes prevents them from doing harm, and immediately there is reconciliation with all. It becomes his duty, nevertheless, to deliver sister and brother in revolt to the king. The king in turn gives them into the charge of a priest who is to prepare them for sacrifice. While Eurione is in the temple of Minerva preparing for her martyrdom, the priest instead of administering religious rites perfidiously puts her chastity to test. At the crucial moment Oroandes secreted in the temple rushes forth to kill her assaulter, but she pleads that he should not slay. The priest to expiate gives Oroandes his ecclesiastical robes for later disguise in order to avert the fate of Eurione. The day of precious sacrifice has come. Glorianda, Zannazarro, his sister Eurione, and Oroandes disguised in borrowed priestly robes appear in the temple before the king. As the victims are about to be slain, confounding noises alarm, and a simultaneous reversal of holy images takes place. Fate halts. Oroandes as the priest of Pallas steps forth, casts off his sacerdotal stole, and reveals to the king how he prevented the priest's attack upon Eurione. Terror and horror move the king to release the prisoners and present lover with beloved—Oroandes with Eurione, Zannazarro with Glorianda. But the king is captivated by the charm of Eurione, for whom he renounces the princess of Regium, Heroïna. To win Eurione he compels Oroandes to fight a duel. In it Oroandes is victorious, and the king is left apparently dead. Bandits chance upon the royal body and bear it to their haunts. Into these quarters where the king lies only wounded, as it proves, a lady rescued from shipwreck is brought. She becomes nurse to the king, whereupon he

soon learns that she is the one he perfidiously rejected for Eurione. Heroína, however, is on the way to her coronation. The day arrives, people await the ceremony. The princess asks the significance of one throne in black with a crown on a mourning cushion and the other "richly adorned." In reply Zannazarro bids Heriona ascend her throne to hear

"the saddest story

That ere did yet *Siciliaes* Annals blot."

Learning of the king's death, the princess is overcome. Then Oroandes appears and discloses that he has killed the king, whereupon he is about to stab himself in remorse; but his hand is halted by a person who throws off his disguise and stands forth their king. He at once mounts the throne beside Heroína and there in the capacity of judge summons the offenders of the play and pronounces doom; but their doom becomes happiness. In conclusion the king says:

"Come *Heroína*, let's conduct them to

The Temple, where united hands shall prove

Our cares are conquer'd by Victorious Love."

The comic underplot begins with the "two cheats," Creon and Lewcippus, hectoring irresponsible Buffonie and "his man" Gudgeon, and ordering the former, an unwilling soldier, to the guard. At this juncture his parents appear. The father is about to disburse more money to the cheats as ransom for his son when a man Vanlore presents a letter from the courtier Arratus to the parent, wherein is the fact that Arratus wishes to adopt Buffonie. When Creon and Lewcippus learn this, they determine to extort more money from the parents; but Vanlore boldly prevents. Vanlore who loves Theocrine, daughter of rich Carlo, soon learns that her father is compelling her to love Buffonie. This she is unwilling to do but retains her affection for Vanlore. Her father thinking her ill secures a physician "of a strange country," who

is her true lover disguised, although at first Theocrine is not aware of the fact. In due time the physician discloses his identity to her and reveals how her father has bribed Creon and Lewcippus to kill him, Buffonie's rival, and how he himself has instead induced the prospective murderers to assist him. Patient and physician decide to abide their time. She feigns sickness and love of Buffonie; he continues as her physician and remains in touch with Creon and Lewcippus and the bandits, who shall ultimately assist the lovers to escape. Meanwhile, by his escapades Buffonie begins to shake the confidence of Theocrine's father. Notwithstanding, preparations for the marriage of Buffonie and Theocrine are made. The day is at hand. The disguised lover-physician is present to attend the father for his gout. There is a sudden interruption of the ceremony, and amid the consternation Theocrine and Vanlore escape fleeing to the bandits. Among them also is the shipwrecked Heriona. All three again meet at the court where Theocrine and Vanlore, as well as others as we have learned in the first story, win the coveted victory of love.

*Love's Victory* is according to the author himself a tragicomedy. We shall estimate it by Dr. Schelling's explanation of this species of drama. After observing at the outstart that "The term tragicomedy in the abstract is a misnomer, and involves a contradiction," Dr. Schelling says that "the Jacobean themselves employed this dubious term to denote a romantic drama involving serious passion, yet ending happily." *Love's Victory* fulfills these requirements and in addition obeys the exaction of "The truest tragicomedy . . . which trembles between a tragical and a happy solution." Again, "Tragicomedy may result in two ways: by deepening the situation of comedy into serious mood by the infusion of a sentimental or a pathetic interest; or by the resolution of a situation essentially tragic into reconciliation." It is this latter method that *Love's Victory* observes. Furthermore, "Tragi-

comedy may be either realistic or romantic." The principal plot of Chamberlaine's play inclines to the romantic; but the subsidiary plot is more realistic. On the other hand, tragic-comedy's "besetting sins are false sentiment and a sacrifice of dramatic logic to surprise, perverted ethics, and an overthrow of the laws of cause and effect."\* Chamberlaine does at times lapse into false sentiment, yet this failing is not uncommon in dramatic writing, it seems to me. He may, too, like greater writers sacrifice dramatic logic to the logic of the gallery; but his ethics is not perverted: and his laws of cause and effect advance according to natural sequence.

Although the scene of *Love's Victory* is Syracuse in Sicily and its environs, it could as well have been any other place; for Chamberlaine, born when the brilliancy of the Elizabethan drama had paled but little, also illustrates in his play "how purely a matter of convention was this naming of the *dramatis personae* and setting of the scene to Elizabethan auditors."† The events of this tragic-comedy extend over a "Few dayes."‡ It is only at the end of the second and the third act that the stage direction of "*Ex. om.*" appears. Furthermore, there is no designation of scenes in the play. If "Scena Prima" at the beginning of the first act and "Scena Secunda" at the beginning of the fourth act were intended for divisions, these scenes are erroneous; for their end is not indicated; and "Secunda" should be "Prima." It is somewhat significant, however, that these two expressions occur at the beginning of the two *motifs* impelling the incidents of the play. Nevertheless, we must realize there is variation in the mechanical execution of the work.

\*See for all quoted passages in this paragraph Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama*, 1908, vol. ii, pp. 182-4.

†Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama*, 1908, vol. i, p. 326.

‡See l. 507.

One-third of *Love's Victory* is prose; the remainder is written almost entirely in blank verse. Rhyme occurs in *The Song*\* and in the short passage wherein the Devil, Carlo, and Theocrine talk together, when the Devil comes to take Carlo away.† A heroic couplet ends each act and besides is occasionally found at what is the close of a scene—although scenes are not indicated. Chamberlaine has written a good quality of blank verse. Though he has not added anything new to it, he has at times written it very well.

As to some of the prose in *Love's Victory* Gosse observes that "the swaines talk West Country dialect, just as they do to the present day."‡ However, the swains Buffonie and "his man" Gudgeon are not always consistent in their speech; for the former indiscriminately says "cham" and "I am", "chad" and "I had"; and the latter prates "chave", "I ha", and "I have"; "chill" and "I will". Again, these rustics in entire passages speak the most approved English. Vanlore, who poses as a foreign physician, does not speak consistent broken English; for in the same speech he utters "de" and "the", "dat" and "that". There are also outcroppings of dialectal expressions in the speech of other lowly persons such as the father and mother of Buffonie. Dialect in *Love's Victory* varies and serves merely to suggest the kind of character to be understood. Prose is commonly used in the play by the humble persons; verse, by those of higher rank; although metrical language becomes the medium wherewith the simple personages sometimes express their deepest emotion.

Chamberlaine's recognition of defects in *Love's Victory* disarms the critics; for it is not fair to call a man to account for not doing what he was prevented from performing through no

\*See p. 35.

†See p. 65.

‡Gosse, *l. c.*

fault of his own. He observes that his drama is an "imperfect embryo," that it has "roughness...of style", and that in its begetting

"Clamorous wars wild fury was so hot  
It dried up Helicon, and in distress  
Forc't the sad Muses to a wilderness."\*

This is just criticism; and for all three faults war is blameable, the playwright says: but surely war does not palliate all mistakes. In the drama there are blemishes in style, structure, versification, dramatic passion, and poetry. However, the final words of adverse criticism of this tragicomedy, A. W. Ward, one of the most recent and best known critics of it, shall utter. Chamberlaine, he says, "avowedly composed his only extant play for reading while 'the mourning stage was silent.'...The author inveighs against the blind age when

'in a cell

The scholar stews his Catholic brains for food';  
but the product is in this instance a mixture or 'meander' of romantic and comic scenes, of which fluency of composition and a tendency to operatic effects are the most notable characteristics."†

These words call to mind the applicability to *Love's Victory* of Goldsmith's much-banded dictum that "There are a hundred faults in this thing, and a hundred things might be said to prove them beauties....A book may be very amusing with numerous errors, or it may be dull without a single absurdity." The merits of this drama outweigh its defects. In it the virtuoso in words can find much to delight him. Surely, felicity of diction and fineness of fancy brighten the play. The principal women are

\*For these three quotations see the dedication to Sir William Portman and *To the Reader* following.

†Ward, *A History of English Dramatic Literature*, 1899, vol. iii, p. 289.

unsullied in thought, dignified, and winning; the men of rank, noble in thought and action. On the other hand, the lowly characters utter much ribaldry; their comic parts are well done. While there are no supremely great characters in *Love's Victory*, there are very interesting ones. Robinson says that in this play "there is feeling—there is passion—gentle—equable—noble—dignified."\* Gosse regards it "a very pretty tragicomedy."† Saintsbury declares that it "contains many fine passages in blank verse, ...nor is even the comic part, though it shares the ribaldry and crudity common in such productions, devoid of some of Chamberlayne's audacious felicities of expression. If that supplementary Dodsley, which has long been wanted, should ever appear, the piece should certainly find a place there."‡

There was an adaptation of *Love's Victory*, entitled *Wits Led by the Nose*, licensed on August 16, 1677, and acted at the Theatre Royal. This alteration was published in 1678. Genest in describing this new play says "the serious scenes are contemptible, the comic ones are mere Farce—the serious characters are Pagans, yet the comic ones are, by a strange jumble, Englishmen travelling in Sicily...the author is unknown."§

In 1820 *Love's Victory*, along with *Pharonnida*, was printed modernized after the manner of the day. This edition contains no notes, but following the text of the play there is a page of "Various Readings" containing forty-two words and six expressions, the longest being four words. The editor of this volume is S. W. Singer. The edition is now scarce. The only other appearance of *Love's Victory* is the following reprint.

The following text has been reprinted from the original quarto

\*Robinson, *Retrospective Review*, 1820, vol. i, p. 259.

†Gosse, *l. c.*

‡Saintsbury, *l. c.*

§Genest, *Some Account of the English Stage*, 1832, vol. i, p. 203.

in the Library of the University of Pennsylvania. The copy is five and three-eighths by seven and one-sixteenth inches. It contains eight pages from the title-page to the beginning of the play and eighty-seven pages of drama. In the copy not a line is cut off by the printer's knife. Only an occasional letter is blurred or omitted. Portions of prose in the play occasionally have the appearance of blank verse. Two pages are numbered "4", the mistake occurring on page 6.

In editing *Love's Victory* it has been my purpose to reproduce as nearly as possible the original quarto. The text of this edition is, barring stage directions, a line-for-line reprint. In the first copy the stage directions are in the main printed on the right half of the page; in two instances these are narrow columns eleven lines in length. In this reprint stage directions have to some extent been rearranged. Spelling, capitalization, italics, pointing, indentation, and mistakes as well are copied as in the original. In the Notes I have endeavored to explain ambiguous passages, although it has seemed foolhardy to attempt to clarify a passage that doubtless came clouded from the brain of its author. The reader of the following play should realize that in Chamberlaine's time the "system [of punctuation] was mainly rhythmical."\* It has been my purpose in this work not to modernize the drama but to produce as nearly as possible the original text of *Love's Victory*.

\*Simpson, *Shakespearian Punctuation*, 1911, *Introduction*. There is an informing exposition of seventeenth century printing in *Materialien zur Kunde des älteren englischen Dramas* in the *Introduction to The Devil's Charter* by R. B. McKerrow.



# LOVE'S VICTORY



# Loves Victory:

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

BY

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAINE

Of *Shaftsbury* in the County of *Dorset*.

---

\_\_\_\_\_ *Odiumque perit,*  
*Cum jussit amor, veteres cedunt*  
*Ignibus irae* \_\_\_\_\_



LONDON:

Printed by *E. Cotes*, and are to be sold by *Robert Clavell* at the Stags-head neer *St. Gregories Church* in *St. Pauls-church-yard*. 1658.



# To the Right Worshipful

Sir WILLIAM PORTMAN,

Baronet.

SIR,

**E** Re diverted by more serious Studies,  
which the benefit of an excellent  
Education, espous'd to a natural inge- 20  
nuity, will soon render the rathe-ripe  
fruits of Your pregnant Wit, I hope it  
wil in me appear no unbecoming boldness,  
whilst your youth claimes the priviledge  
of Recreations, to present you with this,  
which though trivial in it self, improved  
by your acceptance, may become worthy  
the view of others; who beholding your  
Name beautifie its front, may give it as  
fair an esteem as if they saw it adorned 30  
with all the advantages of the Publique  
Stage; which since this rigid age hath  
silenced, (if I may be so happy to ob-  
tain) I shall value your single acceptance  
beyond the loud applause of a Theater.  
If the Reading afford you but as many  
minutes as the Composure did me hours  
of retired content, I shall think these  
low delights of youthful fancy worthy  
the esteem of my maturer thoughts, to 40  
which the burthens of imployment have

*now added (if not more Judgement)  
yet more Solidity. Nor shall I repent  
to have rowz'd it from its so long ly-  
ing dormant, it being then in the embryo,  
when with us, War first made the pre-  
sent Age unhappy, so may have some-  
thing to excuse the roughness of its style,  
its production being whilst I sacrificed  
to Minerva in the Temple of Mars;  
Deities, which we have fair Prog-  
nosticks may be both propitious to your fu-  
ture Achievements; for which, toge-  
ther with an affluence of all other per-  
fections, shall ever be sacrificed the hear-  
ty prayers of*

50

Sir,

Your Devoted Servant

William Chamberlaine.

## To The Reader.

*S* Ince by this active Age 't hath been thought best  
With their grave earnest to crush Plots in jest;  
The mourning Stage being silent, justly I  
May change a Prologue to Apologie;  
That so in private each Spectator may  
Singly receive his welcome to a Play.

But here expect no parasite, that sin  
Justly condemn'd the Stage, though since 't hath been  
Hug'd by pretence with such hot zeal, as pickles  
Mad Sectaries for midnight Conventicles.

70

Yet though I bring no Opiate to allay  
Thy feverish guilt, nor tune my Muse to play  
Thy soul into a Lethargie, here lies  
No Satyr, less, hid in some sins disguise,  
Which should'st thou but seem startl'd at, 'twould be  
An argument of some affinity

Betwixt thy thoughts and that. They foolish hate  
That rails at those, raised by whatever fate  
Above their wishes, doth but vainly show  
By their own wounds what they intend their foe;  
Whilst graver wits, who by afflictions thrive,  
Make Balm of what was meant a Corrasive.

80

That sickly genius whom no lines can please  
But those that rail their Author to disease,  
May still frown here; For know, I durst not write  
An ages ruine in an hours delight.

Though this imperfect embryo was begot  
Whilst Clamorous wars wilde fury was so hot

*It dry'd up Helicon, and in distress  
Forc't the sad Muses to a wilderness,  
Which inrag'd man (that worst of Beasts) had made  
A Scene of bloud, where guilty hands invade  
Poor trembling innocence, 'twas brought to light  
Unlike that ghastly Parent, since none fight  
Within these lists, but such as only prove  
Their Valour where the Victory is Love.*

## A Catalogue of the Actors.

*The King of Sicilia.*

Oroandes *General of his  
Army.*

Zannazarro *a yong Lord  
in Rebellion.*

Arratus *an old Courtier.*

Carlo *a rich Citizen.*

Vanlore *a Noble Gentle-  
man, but of a low for-  
tune.*

Buffonie *a simple Clown,  
Nephew to Arratus.*

Gudgeon *his man.*

Creon and Lewcippus  
*two cheats.*

Heroína *Princess of Re-  
gium Mistris to the  
100 King.*

Glorianda *Princess of  
Cyprus Mistris to  
Zannazarro.*

Eurione *Sister to Zan-  
nazarro Mistris to* 120  
*Oroandes.*

Theocrine *Daughter to  
Carlo Mistris to Van-  
lore.*

110 *The Father and Mother of  
Buffonie, Priests, Soul-  
diers, and Attendants.*



# Loves Victory.

## ACTUS PRIMUS.

### Scena Prima.

*A Funeral march: A Coffin born over the Stage.*

*Oroandes and his followers in mourning.*

*Ex.*

*Enter Cleon and Lewcippus.*

*Cre.* **T**HIS is the place, is't not *Lewcippus*?

*Lew.* The same, nor will our under-officer  
delay us long.

*Cre.* If this Goose prove not well featherd, our hopes  
Are blown up . our only happiness is, we have our  
Limbs to help us, whilst others must halt out their  
Wants in a Hospital.

140

*Lew.* Yes, and have their pensions paid them in rotten  
Tobacco, and carv'd bonelace sticks for bread.

*Cre.* Thou art in the right, for the better rewards are  
Reserv'd for the decaied sons oth' shop, or decaied  
Placket squires, fellows that dare not not look in a glass  
For fear they they should be frightened with the ruines  
Of a nose.

*Lew.* Well, it was our wisdoms not to fancy this  
Grinning honour, in the mean time I would sell  
My forg'd Commission for a bankrouths bill of exchange.

150

*Cre.* And I my buff-coat for a freese jerkin, and all  
My airy honours for the greasie steam of a Cooks shop.

*Lew.* Here he comes

*Enter a Serjeant and Buffonie.*

Like the captive Knight of the golden Image;

*Don dell Phoebo* ——— welcome.

*Ser.* Fie ——— Fie ——— A Souldier and tears!

*Buf.* Doest lie ——— that doest, cham no Zodier,

Cha been better bred then zo.

*Lew.* Twas thy own proffer friend. 160

*Buf.* Yes, but when I wonder? when chad took a pot too much at market, and was a little toxicated.

*Cre.* Thou shalt have a sober time of repentance:  
S-death! what's here?

*Enter Buf. mother followed by her husband and Gudgeon.*  
An Incubus!

*Lew.* Or else a fury frightened out of her wits.

*Cre.* She wants but a perriwig of Snakes to lead the dance of Hobgoblins.

*Mot.* Why Whore, be these Rogues here? I have been 170  
Frighted out of my naked bed to follow them:  
What doest thou amongst these Varlets?  
Come home —— come home you whorson lout.

*Hus.* Nay wife, good wife, do not anger the worshipful Captains.

*Mot.* Pew, you dotard, doest think I will be frightened out of my Boy, tis sign thou hast but small share in the begetting of him, that thou canst so willingly part with him ——

*Cre.* Serjeant away with him, how vermin d'ee bark?

*Lew.* To the guard with him, and lay him neck and heels; 180  
S-death —— affronted!

*Fa.* Captain —— I beseech your honorable worship.

*Lew.* What saist old Cropshin?

*Cre.* Go hire thy Beldame a house in a Churchyard,  
That when she hath bequeathed her garments to a Papermil,  
She may walk there to fright Sextons.

*Fa.* Good Sir bear with her, for when she is up she is  
A devill in Carrion, but I will disburse here;  
Here is vorty old Angels, and a good vitty fellow  
For a supply ——

*Mot.* How! —— part with thy gold! why the Palsie 190

hath shook thy wit out at thy nostrils: must Angels flie to fetch him back? Ile do't without, or Ile scratch their eyes out.

*Cre.* Peace good matron, and go water the furrowes of thy cheeks in tears, 'twill look most religiously.

*Lew.* Thou hast been so long hung to roof, that Otherwise thou wilt choak the wormes,  
And in the next age be sold for mummy.

*Bu.* I took my Mother to be good for nothing.

200

*Lew.* Old fellow we incline to pity thee, but the supply looks something wretchedly, there must be some additional advance.

*Fa.* We will not stumble at that.

*Cre.* Didst ever handle armes friend? Serjeant, try him.

*Gud.* Chwas nere thus hampered before, cham afeard tont come ofe.

*Ser.* Come, handle your armes.

*Gud.* Jch amt well skild in these guns, chave seen them at *Mouster* set it a vier with the end of a cord, sure these snip- 210 per snappers be a new fashion, beant they?

*Cre.* Nere fear, there's no hurt. *The powder firing he fals.*

*Enter Vanlore disguised.*

*Van.* Save you Gentlemen;  
Lives there one *Cosmo Buffonie* here?

*Fa.* I am the man you spie for friend; vor want of a better.

*Bu.* Look *Gudgeon* ——— what spark is that?

*Van.* I have a letter from the Lord *Arratus*;  
What it concerns, the contents will inform you. 220

*Fat.* Pray master Captain read it, we beant book learn'd.

*Mot.* No ——— whose fault was that you old knave, the Boy had dossety enough and thou wouldst ha put him toot.

*Lew.* He here sends you word how he desires to have his

Nephew your Son sent forthwith to *Syracuse*, for he intends to adopt him his Heir.

*Mot.* How! why then we are made for ever? *Gudgeon* thou goest too.

*Van.* *Creon* and *Lewcippus*, the city cheats, *Van. aside.*

*Cre.* But hear, you friends, you first must disingage 230  
from us.

*Van.* How stands he Sir ingaged to you?

*Lew.* How —— fellow, go medle with your horse comb sawcie groom: Serjeant —— away with him.

*Fat.* Nay —— worshipful Captain —— I will disburse.

*Van.* For what? keep up your money, who dares touch him?

*Cre.* So bold, my livery creature? Ile make thee know  
Thou't not ith' stable, where thou command'st ore horse  
boyes; Unhand him, or by heaven —— 240

*Van.* What will you do Sir? do' think I fear plunder'd  
Coats and big looks?

*Strikes up his heels and disarmes him whilst Creon runs away.*

*Lew.* Devils and fiends,  
Shall I indure this!

*Van.* Yes, and this too.

*Kicks him. Ex. Lew.*

*Van.* Come, your ransome is paid.

*Fa.* Blessings on your heart, come son *Buffonie. Exeunt, Om.*

*A vollie of shot within, the mourners enter, a trumpet sounds,  
a herald reads Oroandes Com. 250*

*Om.* Heavens crown the actions with successe!

*Oro.* My gratitude divides  
It self amongst you all, the only mean  
Of recompence, untill some welcome beam  
Of opportunity shall light my wishes  
To a requital of your early loves.

But now the minutes languish in sad hast,

And from the sad performance of these duties  
 To our deceased General we must  
 Remain griefs debtors, whilst we satisfie 260  
 Importunate revenge. You dismal badges  
 Of their despair, tell us we have an enemy  
 Whose resolutions are as high and bloudy,  
 As their condition sad, if they refuse  
 This last act of an injured Princes mercy.

*A parle sounded: Enter as on the wals Zannazarro and  
 attendants.*

*Zan.* What means this hasty summons? is your anger  
 So swift in motion, that it not admits  
 Due rites unto the dead? The doleful hours 270  
 In which we mourn'd our Fathers funerals  
 Hath scarce left seals on the records of time.  
 Yet though the grief sit heavy on our souls,  
 It's not of kin to fear, we dare to draw  
 Our swords ere we have wiped our eyes, and in  
 A peal of Canons, more harmonious then  
 The solemn Bell, thunder his funeral peal.

*Oro.* Tis pitty a resolve thus fortified  
 With valour, should unravel all its glory  
 In an unlawful cause. This desperation 280  
 Valours blind hieroglyphick, wherein nought  
 Appears but monsters only, serves to fright  
 Deluded fancie from supreme commands.

Oh do not then precipitate a family  
 Which may outlive approaching ruine, to  
 Stand the supporters of this State, when those  
 That prop it now, are sunk with weight of age.

Nobility, like heavens bright Planets, waits  
 Upon the Sun of Majesty, whilst none  
 But Comets drop from their usurped spears. 290

Then rectifie your reason, and let's now  
 Conclude this war without a greater flux  
 Of bloud then is already spent, that so  
 Rebellion may not add more sables to  
 What mercy yet may pierce.

*Zan.* You might have spared this labour, though we lost  
 The strongest Cittadel of all our hopes  
 In our dear fathers death, those high resolves  
 He dying left as legacies to us  
 Are so much cherisht, that should I consent  
 To stifle those brave flames, his angry ghost  
 Rowz'd from the silence of a dormitory,  
 Would reassume its seat to chide my sloath.

300

I've only with me those few wounded men  
 Which from the last loud stroak of war escaped  
 With life, not health, to serve me; yet though their armes  
 Grown weak with the late frequent losse of bloud,  
 Sell not our lives at honours highest rate,  
 We'll fall no humble sacrifice to death.

*Oro.* I'm sorry Sir,  
 That my advice, proceeding from the love  
 I bear your worth, hath mist its wisht for ends.  
 ——— Farewel ——— All happinesse  
 But that which waits on victory attend you.

310

*Zan.* The like to thee brave soul, since part we must;  
 When next we meet, 'twill be in bloud and dust.  
*Ex. from below: an Alarm within, at which Ex. hastily from above.*

*Whilst the battail continues, the stage hung with lights and  
 pictures represents a Temple.*  
*Enter Eurione, a book in her hand, she having kneeled a while, 320*

*Ent. a Lady hastily.*

*Lady.* ——— Oh Madam! ——— whither will you flie?  
 The day is lost, your noble brother taken,

Wars furious Godesse, fierce *Enyo* stands  
 Over your batter'd gates, and wheeling round  
 A dropping pine about her bloudy tresses  
 Lends with its dismall light an entrance to  
 The ministers of death, the unclaspt power  
 Of the rude Souldier, like a deluge broak  
 O're a rich field, the last and fatall blow 330  
 Is giving, all our dying hopes. Th' battlements  
 Sweat oft in flames, whilst loud confusion fls  
 The inlightned air with outeries, and our shrieks  
 Choak'd in the embryo of our prayers can find  
 No way to angry heaven: the infant dies  
 Whilst in the porch of life, and natures webs  
 Decayed by age, are rent from out the the looms.  
 Imaculate Virgins to each touch betrayed  
 Lie in a trembling agony, their beauties  
 Like a rich Mine lavisht to vulgar hands, 340  
 The injured prize of every impious slave.

*Eur.* Weep not my dear companion, thou that hast shar'd  
 Alike with me in every change of fortune,  
 If fate ordains this the Catastrophe  
 Of all those tragick scenes, which these late wars  
 Made us unwilling, though sad actors in,  
 To us our virgin innocence shall be  
 Protection safer then the united swords  
 Of earths most powerfull monarchs.

*Outcries within.*

*Lad.* Oh they are entring, let's flie dear Madam. 350

*Eur.* Whither? when slaughter runs through all  
 What place can give protection unto us? *Ex. Lad.*

*En. Oroandes wounded, a Surgeon.*

*Oro.* To thy charge, my hurt's but sleight.

*Sur.* Yet will deserve your care Sir.

*Ex. Sur.*

*Oro.* Hah! what place is this!

Hung round with stately pictures, starr'd with lights!  
 With what an awfull majesty it looks!

——— sure it inshrines some deity ——— what's she?

——— with such a face

360

*Troy's* tutelary angell look'd, when all  
 Her crown of turrets dropt their flaming heads.

*Eur. kneels to the altar.*

*Eur.* If those blest spirits, which freed from all the crimes  
 Cast on them by mortality, and made  
 Fit for celestiaall palaces, retain  
 A thought of us, as else our faith deceives us,  
 Oh let the white soul of some sainted Virgin  
 Descend for my protection.

*She speaks. He draws nearer. She rising from the Altar 370*  
*kneels to him.*

*Eu.* What ere thou art that in this dreadfull shape  
 Com'st to profane this hallowed place with blood,  
 If in your brest there dwell a humane thought  
 Telling you that a woman was your mother,  
 For her sake pittie a distressed Virgin.  
 Not for my life I beg, but ony that  
 My honor kept unblemisht you would ease  
 Me of that tedious burthen.

*Oroandes stands a while silent, lets fall his sword. 380*

*Oro.* A chilling frost unnerves my joints, sure this is  
 Divinity or Magick that hath thus  
 Depos'd my reason to let Rebell passion  
 Triumph ith' injur'd throne ——— Rise Lady  
 ——— there's a religious ice about my heart  
 That chains up all my fury ——— I shall rather  
 Slight the commands of an injured Prince,  
 Then violate ought which the dictates of  
 My soul proclaimes for sacred.

*Eur.* Oh lead me then to some polluted place 390  
That's grown drunk with bloud, and there let mine  
Increase the purple deluge rather than  
Let life add yet more burdens to my soul.

—— I shall not alwayes be protected by  
This places sanctity; or if I were,  
Find few of so much vertue to be with  
Religious reverence awed.

*Oro.* Do not, dear soul,  
Mistrust the gentle smiles of fate, my power  
Secures you from all future violence 400  
Which in the lowest storme of fury can  
Fall from the steepest precipice of rage.

*Zannazarro retreating, Souldiers laying at him.*

*Eur.* Oh my dear brother.

*Soul.* Kill —— kill the gaudy whore.

*Cro.* Hold —— I command you hold:  
This is a place too sacred to be made  
A scene for such a bloudy act, and would  
Style what our cause calls justice sacriledge,  
Heaven being it self profan'd in the abuse 410  
Of what its power for sanctity devotes.

His wounds seem large enough already to  
Let life flie out through all the gards of nature;  
Or if they are not, to preserve him will  
Be but the glimring of a Taper ere  
Blown out by the formalities of Law.

—— Hear —— search his wounds, and let it be your charge  
To use all diligence in their recovery.

Sound a retreat, and you, that bear command  
See the rude Souldiers violence be drawn 420  
Within the bounds of mercy. Victories stain'd  
With too much bloud are blessings but profan'd.

*Ex. Zanna. and Souldiers, ma. Oroan. and Eur.*

Do not my dear too much afflict thy self,  
 Each tear you shead drops from my heart in bloud.  
 ——— I'me conquered in this victory, and become  
 A captive to my prisoner. Come Lady, dare you trust  
 Your self to my protection, your gardian Angel  
 Rob'd in virginity, is not whiter then  
 Those thoughts which clothe my soul when they reflect 430  
 On so much suffering vertue. Were my lust  
 Hot as the womb of *AEtna*, yet there lies  
 A secret magick in this touch to cool  
 Those most intemperate fires. The morning pearls  
 Dropt in the Lillies spotlesse bosome, are  
 Lesse chastly cool, ere the meridian Sun  
 Hath kist them into heat; yet since the ice  
 Of Anchorites by religious flames may be  
 Warm'd into holy Calentures, Oh give  
 My passions leave to move within the orb 440  
 Of your Coelestial beauty, whilst no line  
 Tends to the center of a thought unchast.

*Eur.* Alas my Lord ——— this is  
 No time to play with Love (that child of peace)  
 When war and death sit by and hold the stakes.  
 The impious mirth of the bold *Atheist*, that  
 Riots at funerals, and undaunted sits  
 Whilst heaven in plagues drops vengeance round about him,  
 Unvests his soul of no more modesty  
 Then such wilde love would mine, whose growth must needs 450  
 Be fatall when sown in a field of bloud.

——— Yet I confesse ———  
 If heaven did e're lend balme to cure a grief  
 So vast as mine, even whilst the orifice  
 Was warm with bloud, this cordial favour would

Perform the cure: but I am lost to all  
 The future hopes of dull mortality;  
 The habitation of my soul is grown  
 Too great a burthen, since so often wet  
 With miseries ere to be born with ease.

460

*Oro.* If all my service to my Prince hath merited  
 Ought worth requital, he must shew it in  
 Mercy to you, or by a blacker doom  
 Shake my obedience off. But only grant  
 Me thus much satisfaction, that when time  
 Hath purg'd your griefs malignity, and for  
 These thornes strew'd the soft roses of content  
 Within your Virgin bosome, that you would  
 With pity then on my afflictions look.

*Eur.* I were ungrateful else: Know noble Sir,  
 I so much prize your virtues, that if ere  
 My frowning stars smile on my fate again,  
 Their powerful'st influence shall reflect on you  
 In so much thankful gratitude, you shall  
 Acknowledge it the eldest child of love.

470

*Oro.* My joy growes equall with my wishes; Come  
 Let's in my dear, and see thy wounded brother. *Ex. Oro. and Eu.*

*Ent. Vanlore alone.*

*Van.* My plot hath thriv'd thus far, I have discover'd  
 A rival in my love to *Theocrine* —— but such a one  
 That nature in such haste did huddle up,  
 She gave him scarce the Characters of man.

480

How purblind is the world, that such a monster  
 In a few durty acres swaddled, must  
 Be mounted in opinions empty scale,  
 Above the noblest virtues that adorn  
 Souls that make worth their center, and to that  
 Draw all the lines of action! Worn with age

And wounds to a neglected skeleton  
 The noble Souldier sits, whilst in his Cell 490  
 The Scholar stews his Catholique brains for food.  
 The Traveller return'd, and poor may go  
 A second pilgrimage to Farmers doors, or end  
 His journey in a Hospital: few being  
 So generous to relieve where vertue doth  
 Necessitate to crave. Harsh poverty,  
 That moth which frets the sacred robe of wit,  
 Thousands of noble spirits blunts, that else  
 Had spun rich threads of fancy from their brain.

But they are souls too much sublim'd to thrive 500  
 Amongst those crudities of men, that fill  
 The nauseous stomach of the times with flesh  
 Unsalted with the active souls of men.

But I'm no Satyr, rather now possess  
 With Loves more gentle spirit, which hath charm'd  
 Me into strange attempts; assist me Fate;  
 Few days will ruine or advance my state. *Ex.*

*Souldiers passe the Stage, Creon and Lew. dragging in Buff.  
 and Gud. in new clothes.*

*Cre.* Nay, now you are hamper'd Rogues: disobey au- 510  
 thority!

*Bu.* ——— Oh *Gudgeon* ——— they wool durt our new clothers.

*Lew.* Lie close you vermin. *They bind them.*

*Gud.* I ha not known hop munday at this time oth' year.

*Bu.* Stand upon thy guard page. *They gag them.*

*Cre.* Gape *Gudgeon* ——— so, now do not talk  
 Your selves hoarse, this heavy carriage  
 Shall not trouble you. *Pick their pockets.*

*Lew.* Farewel — farewel — do not defile your lodging. *Ex.*

*Enter some stragling Souldiers with Wenches.* 520

*Wen.* ——— A prize ——— a prize my lads;

How came you hither Sirrah —— ha?

*Bu.* Oh —— Oh —— Oh!

*Wen.* What canst not speak, the rogues are gagg'd.

1. *Sou.* Alas poor fellows —— help unbind them

*Wen.* Hang them vagabond rogues, they are some rich  
Bores Ile warrant them, that have abused poor Souldiers:  
—— here puny —— change thy hat and thy sword.

2. *Sou.* These are some reliques of their Grand-fathers  
Blades that have been tryed in the first Punick war; 530  
Here, shalt have mine in exchange —— and liberty to boot.

*Wen.* Nay, no hast to be gone Sir, this Coat will sell  
To the next Countrey Landlord —— yet agen,  
These Boots will serve an honest man.

1. *Sou.* Nay, thou art unmerciful ——

*Wen.* Marry gip you milksop fool, thou wert best  
Go barefoot so thy conscience wear socks; why man,  
This is the farmers eldest whelp, coupled with  
A carter, they know how to swaddle their legs  
In straw —— do you not boobies —— 540

*Bu.* Yes —— forsooth Mistris.

*Wen.* Nay, I should teach you manners, had I the tutoring  
of you. *Ex. Souldiers and Wenches.*

*Enter Zannazarro and Eurione.*

*Eur.* Do not, Brother, venture too boldly on this piercing  
aire.

*Surg.* It's dangerous, Sir, and may recall your feaver.

*Zan.* I thank your care, but owe so much unto  
Your art, that my recovered spirits tell me  
They are strong enough to struggle with disease, 550  
Yet Ile not long tempt danger, only a while  
Sit and behold yon greedy flames convert  
My Fathers palace to his funerall pile.

—— Oh *Eurione*,

*Ex. Surg.*

To what sad period drives our hasty fate!  
 We ——— we of all our house remain to be  
 The mockery of fortune. Poor girle ——— we must  
 Ere long be led to grace the triumphs of  
 A lawrel'd Conquerer, thorow the throng  
 Of the insulting multitude, whose mirth  
 Our miseries will be, from thence be hal'd  
 To ignominious death, and far remov'd  
 From the fam'd urnes of our dead ancestors,  
 With theeves and murtherers mix our injured dust.

560

In all their Annals, our wrong'd names shall be  
 Branded with ignominious Epithets.

Our gardian Angels vainly did protect us  
 Beyond the ruins of our family;  
 That shower of bloud dropt pretious balm, compar'd  
 With those prodigious ills that fall in this.

570

——— Why did I suffer all those channels to  
 Be stopt that drain'd the crimson sea of life?  
 Were not my hands chain'd in my love to thee,  
 I would again rend ope each orifice  
 And set those conduits going, which are now  
 Lockt in restrictive medicines.

*Eur.* Do not Brother  
 Unthroned thy soul with this unmanly passion,  
 Prop with disdain, that falling pyramid  
 Which in the lowest ebb of fortune may  
 Sit high as Sceptred Kings, and by the strength  
 Of passive fortitude repell the beams  
 Of our malignant stars, though darted down  
 With barbed vengeance on us. Those calm souls  
 Feel not the war of fierce affliction, which  
 Preserves heavens peace within their quiet breasts.  
 The bitterest pils earth steeps in gall, are but

580

That healthfull physick, which the sickly mind  
Distasts, but languishes without into  
A swift consumption of its former virtues. 590

I know thy brest fill'd with too great a spirit  
To let in such ignoble ghests as fear.  
And shouldest thou nurse a meaner thought of me,  
'Twould strike a blush upon the ashes of  
Our noble Mother, which could ne'r conceive  
So mean a thing in great *Zoranzas* bed.

*Zan.* Now thou art sister to the noblest thoughts  
My soul extracts from weak humanity.

——— This balm hath cur'd all mine internal wounds.

*Eur.* Then prethee take a care not to offend thy other. 600

*Zan.* My honoured Gardian ———

*Enter Oroan.*

*Oro.* Brave *Zannazarro*, I'm glad to see the bloud  
Sit in such healthful symptoms on thy cheeks,  
My Princes mandates now inforcing me  
Unto a swift removal ——— Fair *Eurione*  
I have more offerings here to pay, but yet  
Am too unsanctified.

*Eur.* Those vows, my Lord, my death will soon discharge.

*Oro.* I am commanded by a power above me; 610  
But should my victory dip her lawrels in  
Your blouds, my own should wash the tincture off,  
And with your Cypress wreath their wither'd branches.

But fairer hopes in my thoughts busie wars,  
Support the ruins of my falling stars.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

*Enter Creon and Lewcippus, one in the habit of  
a Souldier, the other of a Dancing master.*

*Cre.* S-death! thou look'st as if thou wert newly unfetter'd 4

*Lewcippus*, since thou skip'st into this Dancing suit, but me- 620  
thinks thy legs are hardly fine enough for thy profession.  
Canst caper? ——— Let's see.

*Lew.* As well as thou canst tosse a pike my  
Valiant Hector ——— thou walk'st in such state  
As if thou comest Crown'd from *Olympus*;  
Or for a reward of thy valor wert to be  
Elected King of the *Romans*.

*Cro.* No, a Knight of *Malta* would serve the turn:  
And that if our design prosper, I may bid fair for.

*Lew.* We shall no more need to march in back-lanes to 630  
shun Catch-poles ——— hist ——— here comes the old Courtier  
and new Lord ———

*Enter Arratus*

*Ar.* Save you noble Gallants, and my very  
Good Friends.

*Cre.* That he never saw before.

*Ar.* Let the word of a Gentleman confirm you welcome.

*Lew.* We had rather have the deeds.

*Ar.* You shall be both respectively entertain'd  
In your several functions. 640  
For thou my nimble Lad ———

We'll dance Levalto's lighter then the air  
When it cuts capers from the mountains tops.  
My Nephew's hours of mirthful recreation  
Shall by thy lighter genius be dispos'd.

But there is valour in the Boy that will  
I doubt disdain the sport, I know his humor  
If he be of the right bloud of the *Buffonies*,  
He will be all for Turnaments, and fighting duels  
——— I will seem not to like it, but it was my 650  
Own humor when I was young, I believe the  
Countrey hath bestowed education on him in that kind

According to his natural worth ——

—— Wherefore —— my noble Corydon ——

*Cre.* I am no Shepherd Sir.

*Ar.* I cry thee mercy, my brave Herculean soul,  
I mean, what de'e call them —— the followers of (wench.  
The sullen *Greek* that would not fight for the losse of his

*Lew.* *Achilles* and his *Myrmidons*.

*Ar.* Thou hast hit it —— thou hast hit it 660  
My single sol'd Rascal, I mean the *Myrmidons*:  
Pox on't! I forget these hard names; truth is,  
I hold it beneath a man of quality to spend  
His time among moth-eaten books, and leave the  
More generous recreation of Dogs and Hawkes; some  
Shreds of Poetry pickt up among the scoundrel  
Players are all that I make use of;  
Yet I honor men of Art and Gallantry.

*Cre.* Tis not my use to boast my own perfections,  
I've seen some petty portions of the world, 670  
Serv'd under *Caesar* in the *British* wars,  
Assisted *Crassus* in the *Parthian* Conquest,  
Been with *Porsenna* at the siege of *Rome*,  
With *Xerxes* when his Army swallowed *Greece*,  
And fought for *Pompie* in *Pharsalia's* field,  
But my last piece of service was to fight  
For brave *Adrastus* in the *Theban* war.

*Ar.* Now by my soul a noble warrior;  
But how met you with this man of art?

*Cre.* In my travels —— and I protest stangely; 680  
As I was passing over the *Lybian* deserts, I lighted upon the  
Grand Signiors Court, and being invited by him into the  
*Seraglio* to see his Concubines, there skipt into this Gentle-  
mans acquaintance, he being one of those rare Artists kept  
to edifie the doxies,

*Ar.* Now by my honour a strange encounter :  
 ——— What are these ———

*Ent. Buf. and Gud. A Servant.*

*Ser.* Your Nephew Sir  
 And his attendant ———

690

*Ar.* How, are you son to *Carlo Buffonie*?  
*Bu.* I am the young Gentleman Sir, and as simple  
 As I stand here, chad better clothers  
 When's come from home.

*Ar.* And how came you to lose them Couzen?  
*Bu.* We met with some vermin Zodiars that plunder'd us.  
*Ar.* Alas poor Couzen! and who furnisht you  
 With these new fashion'd Boots?

*Gu.* They are the workmanship of my own hands.  
*Bu.* My man *Gudgeon* is right, a man of knowledge 700  
 Nunckell Ile warrant you.

*Gu.* I will serve your worship in the same kind  
 Upon any occasion, I have not been a servant  
 To your brother honest Gotfer *Carlo* so long for nothing.

*Ar.* Thou sayest well friend, I shall imploy thee.  
 My noble friends, I shall refer my kinsman to  
 Your care, call for what money you shall see  
 Occasion of to furnish him with all the gallantry  
 He is yet capable of; I could wish he had  
 Been better prepar'd for tutors so ingenious, 710  
 But hope to see the sudden effects of your skill.

*Lew.* Sir, we shall do our best indevoures ———  
 Come my ill clad gallants, we will change your  
 Rusty Swords for glittering Rapiers,  
 Your Russets into Scarlet, and feed  
 Your horses with your boots.

*Buf.* What becomes of our breeches then *Gudgeon*?  
*Gu.* We will send them home to old Master,

They will serve for a change.

*Ex. Om.*

*Enter the King, an Ambassador as from Cyprus.* 720

*Kin.* How full of fatall changes are our lives!

What is't to be a Monarch, and yet live  
Trembling at every blast of passion thus!  
When all my thoughts in the fair hopes were calm'd  
Of *Heroïna's* safe arrivall, then

Even then to have them smother'd in this cloud  
Of cur'st intelligence ——— Oh *Glorianda*!

Each star is dropt out of my heaven of joy;  
All our intended triumphs must convert  
To funerall obsequies, our Lawrels be  
Wreathed o're with Cypress, and the Tyrian robe  
Strike all its splendor to an Ebon vail.

730

*Glo.* Your grief is yet but weak suspicions birch,  
And happily may prove abortive, Sir.

*Kin.* Poor girl!

Thou fain wouldst into comfort flatter us,  
But the malignity of sorrow can  
Admit no cordials, when its meager fist  
In all her functions grasps the strugling soul.

Hear him unravel the black clew that led  
Me into this dark labyrinth of grief,  
And tell me then where I have ever left  
Hopes to escape the Minotaure of passions.

740

*Glo.* Shall I my Lord

Burthen you with the weight of this sad story.

*Emb.* Your will commands each motion of my soul,  
Though to a sad obedience ——— Know then fair Princesse  
When first our full spread sailes were pregnant grown  
With prosperous gales of wind, and all our hopes  
Swel'd equall to their full strecht wombs, and we  
With joy beheld proud *Ætnaes* gloomy top

750

And sleighting *Neptune* did begin to pray  
 To our domestick Lars, even then  
 A spiteful storm stretch't on the wings of all  
 The clamorous winds, proclaims a combat, and  
 Chuses our latitude the fatall lists.

The Suns fair mirrour curls her even brow,  
 Whil'st white arm'd waves catch at the clouds, and fall  
 Like liquid Mountains on our sinking Ships,  
 Our rent sails hang on tops of rocks, our cords  
 Crack like the fibers of a dying heart,  
 The frightened Sailer more distracted then  
 The elements into confusion startles,  
 The Master vainly cal's for help, till by  
 An angry wave washt off, he loses all  
 His hopes ith' Seas unfathom'd womb. Whil'st in  
 These full mouth'd oathes natures intemperate sons  
 Swore our destruction, a calm gales soft breath  
 Fans off dispair, we now behold none but  
 Pacifick Seas, but in this new born light  
 No beam of comfort dwelt we by it seeing  
 Nought but the scatter'd ruins of our Fleet  
 Which drest the floud in funerall pomp, but what  
 Stroke most amaze, that Vessel where we had  
 Treasur'd our hopes, the *Princesse* ship was lost.

760

*Glo.* A sad relation.

*Kin.* Oh but too true, too true my *Glorianda*,  
 Devouring Seas have cousen'd our imbraces.

—— But shall I lose her thus? go gather all  
 Those Ships that owe obedience to this Ile  
 And let their squadrons cloud the Sea, untill  
 You find her out, or else, by all that's good,  
 Thy life, though an unworthy sacrifice,  
 Shall fall an offering to her fathers losse.

770

780

*Emb.* I go ——— though in despair to speed. *Ex. Emb.*

*Enter* Oroandes, Zannazarro, Eurione. *Oroandes kneeling,*  
*presents the prisoners.*

*Oro.* Thus only may your enemies encounter  
Those beams of sacred majesty that shine  
Through you from the *Sicilian* diadem. 790

*Kin.* Rise noble Souldier, high in our love as wonder  
—— Thus joy encounters grief, but is to weak  
For such a foe —— are these thy victorious trophies?  
There's something in their looks that argues worth,  
Were it not clouded in Rebellions mask.  
But that's a sin whose black infection strikes  
Damps to the heart of Monarchie, and cannot  
Be nurst within a States ejecting womb  
Without distempering every vitall part.  
It was thy mercy when the obstructed sword 800  
Like lightning fled, and left their lives untoucht,  
And now our justice must performe that task.

*Glo.* I more then doubt poor *Zannazarros* safety,  
Some of loves old ingredients yet remain.

*Kin.* —— Why so much woman, *Glorianda*?  
Thou but mispend'st thy pity, foolish girl,  
Upon an object, which if not remov'd  
Would soon eclipse the brightnesse of our stars.  
—— Go call the Priests of *Mars* and *Pallas* hither.

*Oro.* At what wilde fury reaches this discourse? 810  
If at his anger hell lights torches to  
Lead them into destruction, there must fall  
Some showers of bloud to quench them.

*Enter Priests.*

*Kin.* Here take the prisoners to your charge, and let  
Those ceremonies be perform'd, by which  
The tainted bloud of sacrifices are

Made incense for the gods; see them prepar'd  
 Ere the next morning gilds the earth, delay  
 Shall pluck no feathers from the wings of vengeance. 820

—— S-death! what does't curd your blouds? go bear them off,  
 That brow that dares contract it self into  
 A frown had better meet a thunderbold.

*Glo.* O they are lost, for ever lost! *Ex. Zan. Eurio.*

*Oro.* Is't grief, or reverence that unnerves me thus?  
 —— Oh my soul —— thou art too weak —— too faintly weak  
 To move beneath the Chaos of these woes!

*Kin.* Now *Oroandes* I have time to imbrace thee,  
 And hug this cabinet of virtue, which  
 Contains those jewels by whose sovereign price 830  
 Our safety was redeem'd. But I have not  
 In all thy absence let thy goodnesse drop  
 Out of my thoughts, witnesse this Lady, in  
 Whose virgin brest I've strove to plant thy worth,  
 Untill her sympathizing virtue might  
 Nurst to maturity, which to improve, He leave  
 You to Loves fair Elizium, Privacie.

*Oro.* I am —— your vassal Sir, but cannot pay  
 Oblations due to so immense a love. *Ex. King.*

*Glo.* Whither starts my degenerate spirits! —— I was born 840  
 Of Parentage high as *Sicilies* King;  
 And though their death made him my Gardian, yet  
 May be allowed the freedom of my choice.  
 The conversation of our youth had nurst  
 A Cupid in each eye, ere *Zannazarro*  
 Forc't by a fathers high aspiring pride  
 Forsook's obedience to the Crown, and then  
 A mutual love mixt our souls currents in  
 One silver stream of joy, and shall I now  
 Buy it with pride, 'cause his dejected state 850

Unvested of its gaudy honour stands?

——— No ——— let his titles sacrifices fall  
Unto his guilt, so I may him enjoy.

*Oro.* ——— She weeps ——— sure there is more in this  
Then yet my thoughts can fathome:

If it be love to *Zannazarro*, perhaps we may  
Prevail by our united prayers ——— Pardon Lady

My unbecoming rudenesse, I have sorrows

That like my evill Genius on my soul,

Sit cloath'd in sables that obscure the light

860

Of beauties rayes ———

*Glo.* You need no mask to walk ith' Moonlight Sir,  
But were there flames to quench you, I should shed  
Tears large enough to quench the rising fire.

*Oro.* We are not like to thrive in love that plant  
The sprightly fruit in such a watery soyl.

*Glo.* Yet our affections are prehaps of kin,  
Did we discover their originall.

——— Let's both disvellop truth my Lord, I blush not  
To let you know these tears are only shed

870

To mollifie those stubborn deities

That sway brave *Zannazarroes* fate ——— And think

Yours sympathize in a relation near

As is 'twixt him and fair *Eurione*.

*Oro.* Oraculous truth! ——— Dear Lady, let me kisse

This hand the index to so brave a heart,

And on its seal allegiance to your heart.

Our souls could nere have met a nearer way

But in the rode of wedlock, this hath claspt

All the black lines of our affections in

880

One volume, though by natures hand transcrib'd

In different characters: but oh! it lies not

In our united prayers for to release

The objects of our love from those strict bands  
Our Princes rage fetters their safety in.

*Glo.* All violence would wear the ugly brand  
Of Sacriledge, else I would try the power  
Of all my Kingdom to support their fates.

*Rhegium* holds many active spirits that would  
Bear his proud anger with as high a flame,  
Should I but stir what now conceals their hate.

890

*Oro.* ——— I have an Army too  
Not yet disbanded, which would gladly kindle  
Their discontents at the least beam of mine,  
The airy weight of a few would set  
The fatall engin going; bnt my bloud  
Shrinks to its center at rebellions name,  
And as if tainted with the thought from thence  
Scatters an ague through my limbs. If all  
Our prayers, when mounted on the wings of love,  
Cannot prevail, let's mix our bloud with theirs,  
And Martyrs die to our adored saints.

900

*Glo.* I shall do something too, something that may  
Preserve my name in sanguin characters.  
But first let's visit him, perhaps those engins  
That batter heaven, may shake his marble brest.

*Oro.* My prayers shall wait on yours; and if denied,  
A lover die, not live a regicide.

*Ex. om.*

*Enter a Taylor with a new suit, a Hatter, Shoemaker,  
Spurrier, with other Tradesmen.*

910

1. *Tra.* Come neighbours, shal's crack each one's our  
Kan before the Gentleman comes.

2. *Tra.* Our Kans, hang the muddle horsedrench,  
Let's drink each of us our groat square off  
Brisk sack, this forain liquor but  
Adulterates our blouds.

3. *Tra.* As many of your wives does your beds.

1. *Tra.* How this coxcomby boy prates  
Because he hath nere a one of his own?  
We shall shortly have him buy the feesimple 920  
Of a piece of land, that hath been broke  
Up to his hand in the Countrey.

3. *Tra.* Did your easie entrance inform you,  
Your own was such?

2. *Tra.* Go to Sirrah, you are a sawcie boy  
To prate thus to antient men and thy betters.  
I tell thee, both my neighbor and  
My self are town-born children,  
And have born offices,  
And before thy head was hot to some of us. 930

3. *Tra.* But not before your own was horn'd Sir.

1. *Tra.* How you impudent rascall! a little more would  
make me lay my yard about your ears.

3. *Tra.* But take heed you do not break him; for I have  
heard though you are double yarded, your wife wants her  
full measure.

1. *Tra.* I protest I will complain to the officer and make  
him prove it.

2. *Tra.* Hist —— you prating coxcomb —— here comes  
the Gentleman. 940

*Enter Lewcippus.*

1. *Tra.* God save your good worship.

2. *Tra.* We are glad to see your worship well.

*Lew.* Come —— what have you brought here? —— let's see  
your bills, thou should'st be a man of might by the largenesse  
of thy weapon, but without help of thy shears I will pare off  
half —— there, nay take it without grudging, and set thy  
hand to the receipt.

1. *Tra.* Nay, I beseech your good worship to consider a

poor Tradesman, our taxations are heavy.

950

*Lew.* Tush! you were born to be made slaves off, come, thy hand.

1. *Tra.* To the whole bill Sir?

*Lew.* S-death! you crosse leg'd cur, d'ee snarl? thou wert better eat thy pressing iron then reply another word ——— come you with the taffaty face, thy blew apron fits not methodically friend ——— I protest thy conscience is made of sarce-net, pure and tender as thy wives new blancht cheeks ——— hast thou set thy hand to the bill? ——— how! my money will not hold out ——— but I will send anon ——— 960 that satisfies.

2. *Tra.* Most abundantly, an't please your worship.

*Lew.* My jolly Crispin, thou must grant the same curtesie.

3. Oh Lord sir, your worship may command.

*Lew.* Thou deservest to be heir apparent to Sir *Hue*, and to have thy apron a perpetuall winding sheet to his bones; come along with me, and transport your commodities, 'tis your Indiaes.

*Ex. om.*

*Enter Arratus, Carlo, Creon.*

*Arr.* Signiour, you are welcome.

970

*Car.* I thank your Lordship ——— intruth so shall your Nephew be to my house — and to my daughter too — or she and I shall square, but I would fain see the sprightly galand, ——— as lame as I am, I have walk'd thus far on purpose.

*Arr.* He will not long be absent Sir, but is that wild head *Vanlore* dead?

*Car.* This Gentleman can best inform you.

*Cre.* It was my fortune to close his dying eyes.

*Car.* Captain, not a word of our bargain.

*Car. aside.*

*Cre.* Swounds! d'ee think my neck itches for a halter? 980  
Poor *Vanlore* ——— he was a Gentleman whose memory  
My love to worth ingages me to honour.

Was this not well dissembled old boy? *Aside.*

*Car.* Rarely ——— thou mayst be secretary to the Devil.

*Arr.* My Nephew ——— Sir ———

*Enter Buff. Lew. Gudgeon.*

*Car.* God save you noble Sir ——— you'r happily encounter'd.

*Buf.* Would the old fellow beg something Tutor?

We will give him *Gudgeons* old clothers, they are better  
then his. 990

*Lew.* Not too loud ——— this must be your father — law.

*Arr.* Nephew, take notice of this Gentleman, you may  
hereafter call him father.

*Gud.* He should ha better clothers first and I were as my  
Master ——— he had as good a father as this at home.

*Buf.* Peace fool and let your Master talk ——— how lik'st this  
Cloak ——— and sword ——— and boot old boy ——— ha!

*Lew.* You are too rude ——— observe his gravity.

*Buf.* Why, no matter as long as I talk loud enough;  
Doest keep any dogs old boy? Ile course my fathers 1000  
Crop-ear'd bitch with thee for vorty groats.

*Lew.* Fie ——— fie, you must lay no wagers under pounds.

*Buf.* Why then pounds let it be ——— or we have a forehorse  
of our own breed shall draw with ere a horse in *Syracuse*.

*Lew.* Fie, this is discourse too vulgar.

*Buf.* Why, did you not tell me 'twas Gentleman like  
To talk of nothing but Dogs and Horses?

*Gud.* Yes, and Whores too Master.

*Buf.* Thanks good memory ——— Ile begin.

*Lew.* ——— Not for a world before your uncle *Aside.* 1010  
That is discourse for Taverns ——— betwixt the drinking scenes,  
Whilst men take breath to throw away estates;  
There you may vie obscenity, and lard  
Your dry discourse with oathes ——— but must be civill here.

*Car.* His Tutor's giving him good counsell.

*Arr.* He is a Gentleman I'm woundrous happy in, for wholesome precepts.

*Car.* Will you not give him leave to visit my poor house? My Lord —— his company will be pretious.

*Arr.* Sir I intended he should wait on you home. 1020  
Captain it is our pleasure, you attend him.

The Citie's full of swaggerers, and he something rash.

—— Nephew —— we'l leave you to attend this Gentleman;  
Bring me word how thou lik'st fair *Theocrine*. *Ex.*

*Car.* Come Signior, will you walk?

*Buf.* Nay pray Sir go before. *Ex. om.*

*Enter Oroandes alone.*

*Oro.* All yet is silent, dark and secret, as if  
The powers of night did favour my intent.  
Pardon you Gods that have a residence 1030

Within this sacred roof, if I profane,  
You are the authors of it, if you own  
Affections cloth'd in robes immaculate  
As martyr'd Saints imbrace their sufferings in,  
Such sure are mine, witsse that bloud —— which when  
Warm'd with the pride of victory did grow

Too cold to hatch the embryoes of a sin,  
Though there were flames of beauty large enough  
To thaw an Anchorite. Pity me then, just powers,  
And spare your guiltlesse sacrifice. This hour 1040

This dismall silent hour, is near the time  
In which the Priest, with hidden mysteries  
To purge his offering from all the staynes  
Of secret thoughts, into this Temple comes —— I do not know  
What earthquakes cold divinity may breed  
Within my brest, but sure he must be more  
Then man that bears her hence, unlesse he wears  
My life upon his sword —— But I am vain,

Nought but the Gods arm'd with destructive thunder  
 Are gardians of this place, which if this act 1050  
 Be black and sinfull, will, when purpl'd in  
 The guilt on't hurl me into hell ——— if not  
 Protect my bold indevors ——— They come *He withdraws.*

*Enter Eurione led by the Priest of Minerva, in his hand a  
 Censer burning, at which having lighted  
 the tapers he unvailes her.*

*Pri.* Hail noble Virgin ——— more to be ador'd  
 Then she whom our fond superstition makes  
 Our Common-wealths Protectresse.

*Eur.* What language do I hear? ——— are you her Priest, 1060  
 And dare prophane your own *Miverna* thus?

*Pri.* I would not have your judgment Lady look  
 On us with much deluded eyes, to think  
 We pay a private adoration to  
 This gilded marble, only deified  
 By some unperfect souls unworthy fear  
 Whose reason darkned, flew to fancy for  
 Relief, and from those vain idea's fram'd  
 Those tutelary powers, which wiser men  
 Pretend devotion to, only to awe 1070  
 Irregular humanity into  
 A dull obedience to their power, which were  
 Mad to adore those dieties they make.

*Eur.* Oh horrid blasphemy!  
 Are these the hallowed mysteries you use  
 To sanctifie your offerings with, or is't  
 Your Cruelty now I am neer the steep  
 And dangerous precipce of death to stagger  
 A feeble womans faith, that so your mortall  
 May passe to an eternal punishment? 1080

Had I no drop of blood but what had been

Fir'd with a feaver of hot lusts, the graves  
 Cold damps unfetter'd by your Princes doom  
 Had long ere this extinguisht them. My soul  
 The warm imbraces of her flesh is now,  
 Even now forsaking, this frail body must  
 Like a lost feather fall from off the wing  
 Of vanity, ere many minutes lie  
 A lump of loth'd corruption, foul enough  
 Without being with so black a sin deform'd.

1090

*Pr.* Deluded innocence! think you that fate should rob  
 Me of the glorious treasure of your beauty,  
 Soon as I had injoyed it? What though you are  
 With your heorick Brother destin'd to  
 Confirm a simple Princes zeal; I know  
 Wayes to evade it that shall make him tremble  
 To touch this sacred beauty, with a reverence  
 Holy as that he payes unto the Gods,  
 Whilst you ( though now ) ordain'd to die a Martyr  
 Shall live a Saint among the sacred number  
 That in this temple spend their happy hours  
 In silent close delights, such as do make  
 The amorous soul spring in the womb of fancy:  
 Here every hour that links the chain of life  
 We fill with pleasures, yet nere feel their surfets,  
 Degenerate to that pale disease of fear  
 The ignorant world cals Conscience.

1100

*Eur.* How strangely lies the Devill here disguiz'd  
 Within the masque of age and hoilnesse?

*Pr.* Of age!—look here *Eurione*, *Throws off his ornaments.* 1110  
 Is this a face to be despis'd? ——— be not amaz'd  
 The holy reverence which the people bear  
 Unto my office, keeps me so much stranger  
 Unto their knowledge, that I still may be

Secure within the shade of a disguise,  
Pleasing the sprightly Vestals, which my youth  
Knows better how to do than feeble age.

Had not that excellence of beauty which  
Appears in you bright as men fancy Angels,  
I had not stoop't to this discovery, but 1120  
With the severity of my office led  
You to inevitable death, which now  
My love redeems you from, if with a fair  
Consent you meet the vigour of my passion.

*Eu.* Witness you Gods that see my soul disvellop'd  
From every thought of earth, how much more willingly  
I would submit my self to the imbraces  
Of crawling wormes, the cold inhabitants  
Of silent dormitories, then to have  
My dying hopes warm'd into life again 1130  
By those wilde fires of thy prodigious lusts.

No impious villian ——— when ghastly horror makes  
A giddy circle round thy death-bed ——— and  
Thy sins like Furies all appear to fright  
Thy trembling soul from her last stage of life,  
When thou shall curse thy birthday, and implore  
Eternall darknesse to obscure thee from  
Heavens all discerning eye, this sin shall not  
Make up a link o'th everlasting chain.

*Pr.* Must I be then denied, fond girl! ——— thou hast 1140  
Precipitated all the hopes of life  
By this abortive virtue, unlesse thou canst  
Command a guard of those imaginary  
And helplesse deities to circle thee  
In forms more dreadful than the night, or death  
Presents them to our fears, no power shall save thee,  
Thy prayers are sown on unrelenting rocks

Mixt with a wilderness of air ——— through which  
Thou'lt never find them in their wisht effects.

Tush! this weak resistance is in vain

1150

The Virgin Goddesses stir not.

*She flies to the Altar.*

*Eu.* Oh hear ——— hear me you sacred powers,  
And from your thrones look on an injured maid.

*Pr.* Poor fool ——— they'r deaf to thunder.

*Eu.* Some pitying God protect me.

*Oroandes discovers himself and drawing his sword,  
runs at him.*

*Oro.* ——— Hold ——— hold,  
There's thy reward ——— mist thee!  
Sure there's no god protects thee.

1160

——— Impious Devil! ———

Canst thou ere hope to shun me?

*Eu.* Oh gods! ——— why was I wak'd to life again  
To see the ruine of my honour?

——— My *Oroandes*! ———

Or hath some pitying deity  
Possess thy shape to rescue me?

*Oro.* *Eurione* ——— my hallowed *Eurione*,  
I'm too profane to touch thee yet, untill  
Cleans'd in this villains scalding blood, which must  
Be shed an offering to thy injured virtue.

1170

*Offers at him, he falls on his knees.*

*Eu.* Oh hold my *Oroandes*,  
Do not defile thy hands in humane blood  
Before such sacred witnesses as these,  
Let his worse punishment be to survive  
An act so wicked, till the dictates of  
His conscience doth anticipate his hell.

*Pr.* My guilt amazes me, nor do I know  
Whether with greater confidence to beg

1180

Pardon from heaven, or you; so black, so foul  
 Are my attempts against both: but if confession  
 May be the harbenger of penitence  
 Although deform'd with sin, I shall disrobe  
 The blackest secrets of my soul, these flames  
 Of lust, whose dreadful blazes light me to  
 Future destruction, may perhaps conduct  
 You to a throne of safety. Hoping to  
 Obtain my black desires, when fear of death  
 Should be my moving advocate, I had 1190  
 Lay'd counterplots for to prevent the fall  
 Of the intended stroak. If you make use  
 Of these contaminated robes, which I  
 Have more abus'd, you'll find their operation  
 In wonders seeming ominous, as those  
 Which drive men to devotions last retreat.  
 Not that I wish for life, but fear to die  
 Ith' youthful vigour of my sins, before  
 Repentance hath infeebl'd them, I beg  
 Life from your mercy, which shall never be 1200  
 Lavisht in pleasures more, remov'd from all  
 The noise and businesse of the world, Ile live  
 Attended only with my sorrow, where  
 My private sorrow may no object find  
 But my own gangren'd sins to work upon.

*Oro.* The gods are pityful, and thou mayst live to merit life eternally.

Canst thou ( my dear *Eurione*) forget thy wrong?

*Eu.* I else should fear to goe where's fate conducting me. 1210

*Oro.* Farewell ——— mayst thou acquaint thy soul with heaven.

*Takes up the Priests robes.*

Come my fair sacrifice, these robes can be  
Never profan'd, worn to deliver thee.

*Ex. om.*

*The end of the Second Act.*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

*Officers belonging to the Temple set forth an Altar,  
others prepare a Throne, loud musick.*

*Enter the King crowned, Glorianda and attendants, the* 1220

*King ascends the Throne, the rest place themselves.*

*Kin.*     **T**hou look'st too sadly *Glorianda*,  
Though funerals do attend the day we're not  
To wear the sables of our souls, whilst we  
With sacrifices feast the deities.

*Glo.* My sadness is not grief Sir, only fear  
How my frail temper may indure a sight  
So full of horror ———

*Kin.* We will support thee, here now only wants  
Sick *Oroandes*, I hope it is not love that troubles him. 1230

*Glo.* He is too wise Sir, inconsiderate women  
Are greatest sufferers in that tyranny.

*Kin.* Yet let it not afflict thee girl,  
He will do well again ———

*Loud musick, the Priest of Mars enters at one side of the  
Altar leading Zannazarro, his armes bound in a crimson  
scarfe, crowned with bayes, after him two boyes  
with Censers and sacrificing in-  
struments.*

*Softer musick, at which enter Oroandes drest like the Priest* 1240  
*of Pallas, leading in Eurione, her robe crimson, her  
armes bound with a white scarfe, Virgins in white  
bearing Censers.*

*Kin.* My rage begins to melt, I could even wish  
They might survive the rigour of their doom.

*Glo.* Must I see this and live?

No Zannazarro ——— here is my convoy to thee. *Draws a poniard.*

*The Priests lead the sacrifices above the Altar, where  
unbinding their armes, they give them liberty  
of mutual imbraces.*

1250

*Zan.* So ——— now we have ended, my *Eurione*,  
All our imployments on the earth ——— this is  
The last of all our mortall enterviews.  
The wheels of time worn on the road of age,  
Will lose their motion, ere we shall again  
Meet in the robes of flesh, which must ere that  
Change to a thousand shapes its varied dust:  
Yet still (——— dear girl) our souls unseparable  
Shall walk together to eternity.

*Eur.* Farewel dear Brother ——— if thy soul do take      1260  
Its flight ere mine ——— stay for me in the clouds.

*They are bound and led to the Altar, where whilst they kneel  
a Song from within, the Chorus by the attendants to  
the Priests, who light the fire for the  
sacrifice.*

### The SONG.

*See, each winde leaves Civill Wars,  
The gods approve your Sacrifice,  
And to behold it, all the Stars  
look through the curtains of the skies.  
Peace reigns through every element,  
Whilst this fair pair to heaven are sent.*

1270

Chorus.

Sparta's dear Iphigenia died  
 A spotted sacrifice to this  
 Bright Nymph compared, whose Virgin pride  
 Says nature nought hath done amisse.  
 And yet this flower so choicely made  
 By deaths untimely stroke must fade. Cho.

Romes honour'd Decii might have fought  
 Under this youths command, yet been 1280  
 More fam'd then when their valour brought  
 The bloud of foes, t' imbalm it in.  
 Yet this brave soul must fall before Cho.  
 With ages frost he's tinsel'd o're,

What's falling now shall rise more pure,  
 The fatall stroke but sinks the Mine,  
 Whose oare this flaming calenture  
 Shall only for heavens Mint refine.  
 Go then and live where time shall be Cho.  
 Confounded in eternitie. 1290

Prepare, prepare the fatall stroke  
 Which their fair threeds must separate:  
 Goodnesse may pity, not revoke  
 The inevitable doom of fate.  
 What their crimes were, let men forget, Cho.  
 No letters but heavens alphabet,  
 When mortals are from virtue fell,  
 Their vices should in censure spell.

The Song ended, the Priests prepare to strike. A clap of  
 thunder, groans, and shrieks throughout the Temple, 1300  
 the Priests robes dropt over with bloud,  
 the Images of the gods reverst.

*Kin.* What horrid prodigies are these?  
The gods are sure grown angry with our prayers.

*Pri.* I have been long attendant on those powers  
Within this place ador'd, yet never saw  
The gods thus moved before. We have profan'd  
Something their knowledge calls Angelical.

*Kin.* Be gone these gaudy trappings of my pride,  
This lowly dust looks lovelier then a throne. 1310  
Lies here no charme *Throwes off his crown and robe.*  
To release our fears?

*The Priest unties their scarfes, at which soft musick  
from above, both the images turning again.*

*Pri.* Here —— here lies the guilt of our impiety,  
The gods are pleas'd again, and those whom we  
Intended Martyrs must our Saints survive.

*Oroandes throwes off his robes and discovers himself.*

*Kin.* Hah —— *Oroandes* —— what damn'd imposture's this!

*Glo.* To what extent of miracle growes this! 1320

*Oro.* The arguments of mercy from the gods  
Imbolden me to seek the like from you.

My violent passions forc't my love into  
Strange labyrinths of attempts. But what I first  
Trembling with guilt did undertake, these miracles  
Have prov'd legitimate. Arm'd with a high  
But inconsiderate heat of fury, when  
*Eurione* into the inmost room

Was of the temple brought, resolv'd to bear  
Her from the rigour of her doom, I had 1330  
Thither in private first convey'd my self  
Attending on the hour in which the Priest  
With his sad charge should enter, which arriv'd  
I that come there to offer sacriledge

Unto that holy function, saw my self  
 Ordain'd the instrument of heaven to free  
 Her from the hands of a foul ravisher,  
 The hallowed lights being only kindl'd to  
 Make way to th' injur'd object of his lust,  
 His prayers to blasphemies, his sacred unction 1340  
 To prophanations more obscene than those  
 That revell in the sinks of sin were turn'd.  
 The badges of a reverend age ——— (these robes  
 The sacred livery of heaven) thrown off  
 Appears a sprightly gallant, fitter for  
 A champion to the stewes, then servant of  
 The injur'd gods, whose violence had not  
 My presence rescu'd her, had couzen'd heaven  
 Of your intended sacrifice to please  
 His own exuberate lust. 1350

*Kin.* This dreadful story  
 Strikes trembling earthquakes through all my veins.  
 To what vast monster will our sins unchain'd  
 From fear of vengeance grow!

*Oro.* That this is true, witnesse those powers which own'd  
 That cause which I (though rashly) undertook.

*Kin.* Pardon me you diviner powers ——— I have  
 Been too neglective of the charge you gave me,  
 But will redeem it in my future zeal.  
 That villains bloud forc't out by torments shall 1360  
 Begin the purple deluge ——— For you fair souls  
 I must forget those crimes heaven hath been pleas'd  
 Thus freely to forgive ——— rise higher in  
 Our favour then was that exalted story  
 From whence your father fell.

*Oro.* Mountains of grief fall from my burthen'd soul  
 In their delivery: but your sovereign mercy

Must either with one cordiall more relieve  
My sickly hopes, or I am lost for ever

*Kin.* Thy actions speak thy wishes ——— here *Oroandes* 1370  
Take from my hand this gift of heaven ——— she's thine  
By their decree. *Gives him* Eurione. *Glorianda kneels.*

*Glo.* Ere your extended mercy shall contract  
Its liberall hand, let me be happy in  
The full fruition of my joyes ——— My love  
To *Zannazarro*, though long smother'd in  
His fates obscurity, must now break out  
In cataracts of prayers, untill you make  
Me so much sharer of the blessings of  
This happy day to meet my hopes in him. 1380

*Kin.* Thy thoughts arrive clothed in the robes of joy.  
Here *Zannazarro* ——— Imbrace in her thy happinesse.

*Zan.* With such a trembling pleasure bodies shall  
Encounter with their separated souls.

*Kin.* Now all your seas are calm'd ——— only my bark  
Still flags her wings beneath a tempests weight;  
Yet will I struggle with my griefs to show  
How much we to this dayes delivery owe. *Ex. om.*

*Enter Theocrine and her maid.*

*The.* Good wench no more, thou'st tir'd me with this 1390  
story.

*Mai.* But had you seen it Mistris you could never have been  
weary, it was the sumptuousest sight that ever eyes beheld,  
the Kings good grace (God blesse him) is a brave man ———  
by my troth my thought it did me good to see him, but we  
were all overjoy'd when the sacrifices were releast.

*The.* Prithy no more ——— the sacrifice releast,  
Happy are they ——— but I must die a sacrifice to love,  
No helpful Angel will vouchsafe to look  
From his blest throne on me; my *Vanlores* ghost 1400

Is now triumphing 'mongst the Saints, and sees  
Or else regards not mine afflictions here.

A cruell Father first divorce'd what now  
A harsher fate eternally divides.

But know my dear, where ere thy wandring spirit  
Roves unappeas'd with sacred funerall rites;  
Thy *Theocrine* lives but to pay her tears  
Oblations to thy memory, and will  
Ne'r put off sorrows sable robe until

The mourning wreath shall knit my winding sheet. 1410

——— These were the bands wherewith we once confirm'd

*Puls off a bracelet.*

The obligations of our love —— but now  
Are seals of my affliction —— sent me back  
As messengers of his untimely fate.

*Enter Carlo, and Vanlore disguised like a Mountibanck*

*Car.* Look yonder she is, in one of her fits I protest:  
I doubt she is craz'd, good Doctor behold her.

*Van.* Love —— love —— I see it by the beating of her  
pulse. 1420

*Ca.* Why how now daughter, never out of these quandaries?  
Thou wilt spoil a good face with this puling.

*Van.* Your tres humble servitor Madam.

*Car.* Nay do not look so sleightly on him,  
He hath promist me to cure thee wench,  
He is a man of art —— come forth of a strange countrey,  
And knows more then a thousand of our dull Ilanders.

*Van.* Foh —— they are buffones —— horsleaches,  
Know nothing more den the Farrier, how to give

A great drench —— pig enough to break de horse 1430

Belly —— begar meer pisse-prophets,  
De very spawn of de white wich, fellowes  
Dat use no medicine but what day pick out

Of de hedge ——— not so virtuous as Madams

Old book of receipts ———

*The.* Sir did you bring this fellow here to rail?

*Car.* Tis but his humor, *Theocrine*, give him way.

*Van.* Me scorn de stinking drugist, have no use of his horse loads of trash ——— Mine be de pure extract ——— de spirit of de Mineral, here be de Chimical pill, here de quintessence 1440 of balsom ——— dat which cures all solution of continuity though in de ventricles of de heart ——— but here be de grand Elixar, the sovereign medicine ——— that cured the great Mogul when he had been seven year sick of a Le-thargy.

*Car.* Doctor ——— He leave her to your care.

*Van.* Me warrant dat shall cure her ——— come Madam Begar you but dissemble ——— dis is no inveterate Disease ——— me see no symptomes of it in your face, Dere is no giddy rowling of the eye ——— no swelling 1450 Of de veins about de forehead ——— nor does the Pulse inform me but the systole and diastole Keep due time ——— dis love to *Vanlore* be but a Pretence, to free your self from him, you hate The more deserving *Buffonie*.

*The.* If grief for him be my disease ——— thy honesty Is as recoverable, now practise hath Made the malignity inveterate, Keep thy strange termes of injur'd art to fright The Ague or a toothake off ——— My griefs 1460 Are grown beyond imaginary cures.

*Van.* Pishaw ——— suppose you did once love him, He be dead, and dere be better men dat seek your love, I have encountered with dat *Vanlore* in my Peregrination, and found him to be a kickshaw ——— A man of no worth.

*The.* Thou art a villain to abuse the dead,  
 Had his deserts crauled on the earth like thine,  
 Tis baseness to deprese them now he is  
 Above or else beneath all mortall hate; 1470  
 But were he living, thy invectives might  
 Sully the Sun as soon as spot his fame.  
 Go then, and let the wondring multitude  
 Admire thee on a stage, come here no more  
 To scare away my private thoughts, the worst  
 Of which more pleases then thy company.

*Van.* You will be of de oder mind, when I have freed  
 You of all de grief for *Vanlore*.

*The.* It must be by some speedy means to cast  
 This flesh into the grave that mould of death, 1480  
 There to be model'd for eternity,  
 Within whose everlasting springs we shall  
 Meet with those joyes whose blasted embryo's were  
 Here made Abortive. If thou hast a poyson  
 Subtill as that the eyes of Basilisks  
 Shoots forth destruction in, with more delight  
 Ile tak't then ere a fainting Patient did  
 Receive thy promist Cordials.

*Van.* What stronger confirmation needs then this? *aside.*  
 She's constanter then times vicissitudes. 1490

—— Yet Ile make good my word, *Throwes off his disguise.*

—— Receive my *Theocrine*  
 The promist cordiall, and approve my art.

*The.* My *Vanlore*! —— may I believe my eyes intelligence,  
 Or is this joy deluded fancies birth?

*Van.* Reall as our affections, when we first  
 Assimilated souls in sacred vows.

*The.* My joy hath almost rarified my spirits  
 Into a substance volatile as that

Which souls begin their separation in. 1500  
 Support me, friend, with the relation of  
 Thy fatall story, or this surfeit will  
 Be near as dangerous as the dearth of hope.

*Van.* For fear thy father should prevent our story,  
 I must shrink under this dark vail again.

*Puts on his disguise.*

Tis a relation, *Theocrine*, will raise  
 Thy virtue in a blush ——— thy Father, Love ———  
 ——— Thy cruell Father.

*The.* I always doubted 'twas his wretched spirit 1510  
 That rais'd this dangerous storm.

*Van.* It was ——— and by a means so full of wickednesse  
 I tremble to relate it ——— whilst I lay  
 Ith' Leaguer at *Ardenna*, he corrupts  
*Creon* and *Lewcippus*, two mercenary slaves,  
 To do what he too long expected had  
 From the wars doubfull fortune, but those villains  
 By his gifts thaw'd from their poverty,  
 Let forth in streams of luxurie their sins  
 Wilde Catarracts, untill the channell grew 1520  
 So big it bore the Boyes of reason down,  
 And lets this secret in their midnight cups  
 Flow undescreetly out, which by a friend  
 Of mine inform'd of, from their poison I  
 Received my antidote, and knowing where  
 They had design'd the place to steal my life,  
 Thither prepar'd for my defence repair.  
 The place was cloth'd in privacy enough  
 To warrant them a safe retreat, if in  
 Their black design successefull, hoping to 1530  
 Surprise me unawares; they here being hid  
 Attempt my life, but finding me prepared,

Had with a guilty baseness fled if not  
 Infore't by me, first to unravell all  
 This knot of villainy, confessing how  
 Corrupted by thy fathers gold, they had  
 Sworn my destruction, which repenting, now  
 To merit mercy, they ingage as far  
 Towards my assistance, vowing to obey  
 What ever I commanded; and to shew  
 Their faiths example, this dear relique of  
 Our first affections give me, which receiv'd  
 With those strict bonds of base soul'd cowards (threats)  
 Chaining up their obedience to my will.  
 I then instruct them with what message they  
 Should cheat thy Fathers willing faith, thy token  
 Although the choicest Jewell of my soul  
 Trusting them with to strengthen impudence  
 At their return, which done, I left the Army.

1540  
*Shewes a Bracelet.*

*The.* But wert unkinde,  
 Thus long to let me languish in despair.

*Van.* That only cast a cloud on the design,  
 Those villains lavishing the time untill  
 Detected vice made them forsake the Army,  
 Whilst I to live unknown repair'd unto  
 A troop of wilde Bandets, 'mongst whom I have  
 (Though honour'd with their Captains title) liv'd  
 Till weary of their sins, yet keep them still  
 Friends to protect me when with thee I make  
 A safe retreat unto those desert haunts.

1560

*The.* Teach me the way my *Vanlore*, though it lie  
 Through dangers greater then the midnight fears  
 Of sickly brains sully their fancies with,  
 Through all Ile follow thee.

*Van.* Then my good angels cannot stay behind,

Thou must, my dear, pretend to love this fool,  
Nay more, consent to marry him.

*The.* How! ——— do not run dangerous hazards.

*Van.* We must or else lie still at anchor here.

When thy consent ripens thy fathers joy, 1570  
Ours will grow neer maturity ——— this disguise  
Will furnish me with means enough to know  
The night-walks of his thoughts ——— by which we may  
Proportion all our actions ——— he comes  
This kisse, and bid thy *Vanlore* then farewell.

*Enter Carlo.*

*Car.* A skilfull man I protest, what store of implements  
he hath? Gally pots, Glasses, and Ventosses, I hope he  
hath done the wench good ——— save you Doctor; how  
thrives your indeavour? ——— 1580

*Van.* Prave ——— prave ——— better then we expected;  
But me scorn to pipe forth mine own praises.  
Madam speak for your self, and informe de old  
Mounsieur your vader ———

*Car.* ——— How is it *Theocrine*? ——— ha! ———

*The.* Well Sir ——— as the harmonious musick of the spirits  
Supplied with air sprung from well temper'd bloud,  
Composes all the organs of the soul.  
Only in this calm sea of health I find  
Some pleasing spirits hover 'bout my heart, 1590  
Things that till now I was not sensible  
Of, since I first did love forgotten *Vanlore*.

*Van.* Now de magicall potion begins to work.

*The.* Forgive my disobedience Sir, *She kneels.*  
My hate unto that worthy Gentleman  
Your wisdom had provided for me, shall  
Pay for redemption all the powers of love,  
So you'l not punish it in the denying

That blessing which till now I cal'd a curse.  
 Shall your consent tell me I'm pardon'd Sir?

1600

*Car.* With as much pleasure as I got thee girl.  
 Now thou hast reconcil'd my thoughts, my gold  
 Is not more cordiall then this blessed change,  
 Now I shall live to see thee happy in  
 Possession of a vast estate.

*The.* The man is unto me more pleasing Sir.

*Car.* So I would have him as long as he hath an  
 Estate to boot, I do not like when love grows  
 Daring, and encounter poverty, because they  
 Imagine the threadbare suit adorn'd with a few  
 Needlese virtues.

1610

*Van.* Vat dinke you now Signiour?

*Car.* That thou'rt a man of art incomparable,  
 As *AEsculapius* self ——— 'twas a cure easily done,  
 And therefore I hope will not stand me in much.  
 ——— My good word shall be ready.

*Van.* Me be not mercenary, de generous Artist  
 Scornes all reward but what comes willingly.

*Car.* Saist thou so? then thou art for my turn,  
 I like when men will not exact ——— Come, we will  
 Dine together, and then go visit the Lord *Arratus*  
 Sprightly kinsman ——— Come my girl.

1620

*Enter* Creon, Lewcippus, Buffonie, Gudgeon, *Wenches, Servants,*  
*a Bawd.*

*Cre.* Come grannum, are they fresh and wholesome, such  
 as may be tilted at and not indanger the head of the  
 Lance?

*Baw.* Away you wag, d'ee think I would furnish Custo-  
 mers with ware that should not be for their turn? I protest  
 they came to town but yesterday. Since I dealt in the fleshy 1630  
 occupation I have not had better.

*Buf.* Thou shall be payed well for them Punk,  
There's gold ——— and here's more left yet.

*Baw.* This is a Boy of mettle.

1. *We.* Let us alone to melt it mother, Come sir, you are sad.  
If any service ——— of mine might please you, I will  
Strive to shew activity in your content, let me lead  
You to the private lists of *Venus*, where  
We'll make the bloud dance measures through our veins  
Till warm'd with the delicious sport it glews 1640  
Our wreath'd imbraces in extracted balm.

2. *Wen.* We'll kisse you into extasies, and make  
Our breasts the pillowes to repose your head.

1. *Wen.* We'll please each sense with some delight. Your eyes  
With unvail'd beauties whiter then the *Alps*,  
Your touch with skins like polisht Ivory smooth,  
Your tast shall surfet on the balm of lips,  
For *Indian* gums, the fruitfull vally that  
Lies underneath fair *Venus* mount shall send  
Far more delightfull perfumes, and when tyred 1650  
With these delicious sports, we will sing  
Your wearyed spirits into rest.

2. *Wen.* And whilst you sleep our nimble fancies shall  
Study some undiscovered passage through  
The corall banked straights of love, with which  
We'll entertain your naked innocence.

1. *Wen.* Our Banquets shall be all on Cordials, sauc't  
With strong provocatives, whose sprightly power  
Each minute shall create new appetites.

*Lew.* The Wenches have ravisht him. 1660

*Buf.* Who would not spend Estates upon these Ladies?  
But have you ne'r an ordinary bit for my man *Gudgeon*?  
I would not have him sit idle.

*Baw.* Rather then he shall want imployment, I will 6

Venture my self to give him a heat;  
 But he hath more mind to a Countrey dance  
 I see he is putting his feet in measure.

*Gud.* I wou't we had a Fidler here, I could foot it, I  
 faith.

*Baw.* Shal's have a dance Gentlemen, I have an old                      1670  
 Stallion within that can play.

*Buf.* Call him good Grannum, and let's to't, can you  
 dance Ladies?

*Wen.* We will do any thing that tends to your de-  
 light Sir.

*Ent. Fidler.*

*Baw.* Come twist thy guts up old squeaker.

*Fid.* Couple your selves, I am in tune.

*Lew.* Woot dance *Creon*?

*Cre.* Not I, the sport's too light, let *Gudgeon* supply                      1680  
 my place.

*Baw.* Come *Gudgeon* — thou and I — Play the shaking of  
 the sheets.                      *They dance. Knock within.*

*Within.* — Ho — house — ho — what, all asleep!

*Baw.* Hark the Collonel,, and the rest of the Blades  
 Are come ——— shall I call them hither?

*Cre.* No, we will wait on them, come Pupil,  
 We will acquaint you with the City Gallants.                      *Ex. om.*

*Enter three Bandeds, three Sailers meeting them.*

1. *Sai.* Save you Gallants ——— where's our Captain?                      1690  
 Here is a prize for him worth a bording.

1. *Ban.* ——— A lovely beauty ——— S-death! how came you  
 by her?

2. *Sai* Where we found store of other treasure, nay our  
 Trade at Sea will prove better then yours at Land.  
 But is not our Captain to be spoke withall?

2. *Ban.* Not now, he is imployed, but where we

know not.

3. *Ban.* We expect his speedy return, but till then I am  
his Viceroy in our Common-wealth. 1700

3. *Sai.* Then take charge of this Lady, but let her be  
Preserv'd untoucht for him ——— and hark you Sir,  
Be carefull of it ——— if her complaints inform  
Him otherwise, you'l dearly suffer for it. *Whispers.*

*Hero.* What dreadful precipice of misery are  
My sullen fates descending ——— Can I hope  
My honors safety, whilst my body is  
Commanded by these that no Law controuls?

1. *Ban.* Come Lady, you must now be a wilde inhabitant  
Of these dark woods with us, yet do not weep, 1710  
Though our profession seem to promise none,  
Here you may finde civility.

*Her.* Pray heaven I may, my journey hither hath  
Been full of strange misfortunes ——— I have found  
Crown'd expectations for captivity  
Unhappily exchange'd.

*Sai.* Valiant Bandeets farewell ——— look to your charge.

3. *Ban.* With as much care as we would strive to keep  
Jewels, whose losse would ruine all our hopes. *Ex. Sai.*

3. *Ban.* Come noble Lady ——— if your birth hath cloth'd 1720  
Honour in higher attributes, forgive  
Our rudenesse, since the child of ignorance.

*Her.* Alas! what ere my birth hath been, I'm now  
A slave to you, and must forget those vain  
Airs of ambitious honour, so I may  
But find civility enough to be  
Protectress of my Virgin honor, all  
My others will most willingly be spar'd,  
Yet they are such that were I known I might  
Perhaps repair these broken fortunes which 1730

Thus makes you run the hazard of the Law.

1. *Ban.* We wish this curtain of your fate may be  
Swiftly withdrawn, till then, let all our vows  
Prevent your fears, the rudenesse of our lives  
May be your trouble, but shall never grow  
To a disease more dangerous.

*Her.* I live in hopes to gain ability  
Of an extent so large as recompence.

*Ex. om.*

*Enter three Blades, Buff. and Gndgeon drunk, Drawers  
with Wine.*

1740

1. *Bla.* Stand up brother ——— come, our brains are not warm  
enough yet ——— fill out ——— here noble brother.

*Buf.* Thanks brother Collonel ——— I will pledge thee were  
it a Tub full ——— and pay for't too ——— here's gold enough.

2. *Bla.* Here ——— a health to my Lord *Arratus*.

*Buf.* Come to my Nunckel ——— there lies my hat.

3. *Bla.* Here *Gudgeon*, thou must have it too.

*Gud.* I ha more already then I can carry upright.

1. *Bla.* Round with another health ——— here

To my brother *Buffonies* Lady.

1750

*Buff.* That's the two yong Gentlewomen of the house ———  
These be Gallants *Gudgeon* ——— sons of fame.

*Gud.* She blew them from her breech.

2. *Blad.* House ——— more Wine here, where be these  
Vermin?

(Brother,

*Buf.* What will they not hear? ——— let's break down the doors  
Or fire the house ——— nay I am valiant too.

*Knocks, a Wench looks out a the window.*

*Wen.* Why, what d'eemean there Gentlemen to beat my  
mothers doors down?

1760

*Buf.* Some Wine and Wenches you Cockatrice.

*Wen.* You have too much already Sir, to sleep ———

1. *Bla.* Why you harpy, doest think we'll be confin'd to

the Lobby.

*Wen.* You will have the greater benefit of the air Sir.

2. *Bla.* Swounds we'l not be baff'd thus.

*Buf.* No that we will not brothsr, I feel the spirit of Wine in my brains, and will not be baff'd.

1. *Bla.* We'l scale your windows you Whores.

*Buf.* Brother —— let's —— brother Collonel —— 1770  
He in first.

2. *Bla.* We will not put you on a matter of such danger Sir.

*Buff.* Danger —— I scorn the word —— I fear it not brother, He do it —— I and my valiant sword-bearer.

*Gud.* He not creep in at windows, not I, amongst Whores to have my eyes scratch't out —— not I.

*Buff.* How —— not venter? why thou wilt not turn coward and fear scratching? —— shall not be said but we Countrey boys are as valiant as the best of them. 1780

3. *Bla.* But the window is narrow, and will spoil your new suit.

*Buff.* Come, come —— prepare —— help me and He put them off.

2. *Bla.* Valiant brother, thou shall have the honour to enter first.

*Buff.* I and my squire will enter this enchanted Castle, And relieve the imprison'd Ladies.

*Gudgeon* let's untrusse and prepare for the combate.

1. *Bla.* He help my brother whilst you prepare *Gudgeon.* 1790  
—— Now for the boots.

*Buff.* My foot is at thy service noble brother, Nay off with my breeches too —— I have drawers on.

2. *Bla.* Hast thou drawers too *Gudgeon?*

*Gud.* I, but I had as leave a been hang'd as ha come to this.

*Buf.* Come now, your helping hands, Ile scale the wals,  
Attendant be at hand with my weapon.

1. *Bla.* We'l second thee immediately venturous brother.  
Come *Gudgeon* follow thy Master. 1800

*Put them in at the window. Outcries within.*

*Buf.* Oh ——— oh ——— help us brother Collonel,  
Draw up thy forces.

1. *Bla.* The conflict is begun ——— we'l leave them to the  
mercy of the Wenches, and now the guls are uncas't make  
use of their feathers ——— here's a prize lads.

2. *Blad.* The Golden fleece was but stinking sheep-  
skin to't.

3. *Blad.* Come let's be gone, the Bloud-hounds will  
pursue. *Ex. om.* 1810

*Enter Creon and Lewcippus.*

*Cre.* Pox on the slaves they're gone.

*Lew.* This Devill Lust hath undone us.

*Cre.* Tis no now time to dispute it;  
Let's rather bethink our selves of some course  
To preserve our credit with his unkle.

*Lew.* There's it, and I am deceived, if I have not found it  
out; thou knowest the opinion he hath of his valour: I  
will home, and possesse him that he privately withdrew as  
we fear to fight, and that thou wert in quest of him whilst I 1820  
come to inform his doting Lordship.

*Cre.* Blessed be thy pregnant brain,  
Be gone and thrive, I will return upon my cue. *Ex. om.*

*Enter Buffonie and Gudgeon in their shirts ——— both  
bloody, wenches following.*

*Baw.* Out of my doors you Rogues.

*Buf.* Good reverend Matron ——— we heartily repent ———  
*Gudgeon* our clothes ——— what's become of our brother Collo-  
nel, and the rest of the Blades?

1. *Wen.* Faith even sheathed in your scabards by this 1830  
time, you ignorant Rogues to come to abuse a civill house  
and to be couzen'd of your clothes.

*Gud.* Oh we shall die with cold.

*Buf.* Good Gentlwomen give us some slender gar-  
ments, my Nunckel shall give satisfaction ——— Oh *Gud-*  
*geon* my Hat and all my fine Ribbons, and my Sword ———  
all's gone.

*Gud.* I woot we had our old ones here.

1. *Wen.* But faith tis pity to turn them off thus,  
The puppies will catch the pip — have you no old breeches? 1840

*Baw.* By my fay nothing that belongs to man, but an old  
armour that a beggerly Souldier pawn'd — and that Ile fetch.

2. *Wen.* And Ile lend the page an old petticoat and wast-  
coat. *Bring forth an Armour and clothes.*

*Buf.* We shall be bound to pray for you.

1. *Wen.* Go arme the Knight whist I prepare the Lady of  
the lake.

*Put the Armor on Buffonie, the petticoat and wastcoat on*  
*Gud.*

*Gud.* I doubt we shall not passe the street for the Scoun- 1850  
drell boyes.

*Buf.* Put it on *Gudgeon*, and be thankfull.

Any thing to hide thy nakednesse, good *Gudgeon*.

*Gud.* I have played maid Marrian ere now.

1. *Wen.* So now you are provided, my honour'd Don

*Buf.* We kindly thank your good Ladyships, we shall  
be bound to pray for you ——— tis not so cold as 'twas.

2. *Wen.* Come, march my valiant Hector.

1. *Wen.* Nay faith here is each of them a nold pair of  
slippers too. 1860

*Buf.* Good-be-wy my honourable young Ladies.

*Ex. Buf. and Gud.*

*Baw.* So now let's in and share.

*Ex. om.*

*Enter* Arratus, Carlo, Theocrine, and Lewcippus.

*Arr.* I wonder at this ——— when saw you him last?

*Lew.* Some three hours since, when leaving him at a Play, whilst we went to dispatch some businesse in the City, at our return we mist him ——— I perceiv'd some difference betwixt him and a blade oth' town, snd doubt the sword hath disputed it.

1870

*Car.* Tis most like that's it, he is resolute.

*The.* Must I then be so unhappy when I first began to cherish love to lose its wisht for object?

*Arr.* Grieve not Lady ——— I hope all is well.

*The.* I doubt his valour will betray him to  
Some desperate quarrell, in whose fury all  
My hopes of him may perish.

*Car.* I will go send my servants abroad,  
We cannot be too carefull of his safety.

*Arr.* Trouble not your self Sir ——— I have took  
order. 1880

*Enter* Buff. and Gud.

*Buf.* Ah ——— ah ——— ready to die with cold.

*Arr.* What have we here? a prologue to the mask of  
Witches?

*Car.* Some intended sport without question,  
Which now will come out of season.

*Buf.* Ha! forgot me Nunckel ——— I am your poor  
kinsman.

*Arr.* Thou art my shame, and mak'st me grieve that ever 1890  
I entertain'd a thought of raising thee  
So much beyond the pitch of thy deserts.

*The.* Let not your anger Sir  
Add waights to his unhappinesse.

*Arr.* Sure she is bewicht ——— you are a moving advocate,

But so it render him not lost within  
The place he did in your affections hold,  
I shall be easily wrought to pardon him.

*The.* That were a love too much depending on  
The accidents of fortune to be thought 1900  
Worthy of him —— I on this Armor look  
As spoiles got from some conquer'd enemy,  
His garments lost by stealth, not from him took  
By any force of man.

*Buf.* She is in the right Nunckel, my brother Collonel  
stole them, whilst my squire and I scal'd the wals.

*The.* I thought 'twas some such desperate attempt;  
Let me disarm thee love, and see thy wounds.

*Car.* Rare Artists! this Philter works wonders.

*Arr.* He hath met with some cheat for Knights, 1910  
And the nails of whores for steel.

*The.* Let me wipe off the bloud, and thy poor ser-  
vants too.

*Gud.* I will not trouble you Mistris, I use to heal such  
sleight wounds as this by washing them in mine own  
water.

*Buf.* I had rather go in out of the cold.

*Arr.* Thou makest me blush unmanner'd fool:  
Why doest not with more thankfulnessse imbrace  
The tender of her love? —— *Lewcippus* have them 1920  
In, and see them once more cloth'd.

I can impute as much to youths irregularity  
As others can: but if he leave not this,  
My hate may ruine what my love hath built.

*The.* I hope your wisdom Sir will look on this  
But as an error, which correcting age  
May easily reform.

*Car.* —— This is an ill sign —— I doubt he will spend all.

*Arr.* I shall do much for your sake Lady.  
 ——— Let's in and see him, though 'twere amiss,  
 To make him mend, it is to laugh at this.

1930  
*Ex. om.*

## ACTUS QUARTUS.

*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter the King in a night gown, two Pages with lights,  
 one bearing uhe picture of Heroina, the other of  
 Eurione, set down the light and pictures,  
 and ex. Pages.*

*Kin.* B Ee gone, and let me gaze my self to marble here.  
 Oh I have lost the quiet of my soul,

All peacefull harmony. My eyes have suckt 1940

A subtill poison, and disperst it through

My souls oreflowing rivolet. Oh *Heroina*

I have defil'd those noble thoughts in which

I should have cloth'd the memory of this

—— Fain would I smother this proud flame ——

—— But vainly strive ——

It hath lay'd hold on reasons battlements.

—— This is *Heroina's* ——

*Looks on her picture.*

The same whose fair Idea untill now,

I only entertain'd within my thoughts ——

1950

And must I let this glorious angell flie

From the polluted temple? —— I must

—— Here lies a spell that charmes me *Oopens Eurione's picture.*

—— What did I say ——

Pardon thou fair commandresse of my soul,

I did blaspheme —— this sacred beauty is

Fit for loves highest Altar, where my heart

If sacrific'd dies in *Enthean* fire,

Pure as the Elements, when quintessenc't

Into perfection shall communicate 1960

To bodies glorified ———

——— These bloudlesse shadows hold no symmetry

In their proportion, this interior orb

Sits like a smaller Planet near the Sun.

——— I should not thus sharpen a Scorpions sting,  
If not already Basilisk'd to death.

——— But I like *Atlas* vainly struggle to  
O'rethrow a world of fancy ——— I'm resolv'd.

*Knocks, enter Page, takes him a Letter.*

Convey this speedily to *Oroandes*. 1970

The cure is dangerous, but where the sharp disease

Breaths nought but desperation, 'tis in vain

Through reasons *Limbeck* to extract our thoughts.

Muff'd in clouds of sin and shame I go

To grope for light, or sink in endlesse wo.

*Ex. King.*

*Enter Vanlore leading in Theocrine.*

*The.* Be not too confident my *Vanlore*,

They're desperate gamesters

That throw their whole stock at one trembling cast.

If in this mornings progresse we are maskt,

1980

Time ne'r will lend a beam to light us forth

Of sorrows subtile labyrinth ——— should thy plot

Crampt with prevention halt behind thy hopes,

And I be marryed to this wretch ——— we may

Go then aside, and sacrifice our tears,

Our fruitlesse tears unto those Gods for whom

We have prepared our holy vows ——— but never

Must meet in warm imbraces.

*Van.* Do not doubt

The powerfull influence of our stars ——— should what 1990

I have prepar'd to combate their design,

Be by some sullen spie betrayed, ——— I have

Fitted a friend ordain'd for action in  
 This Comick Scene, whose sword hath glister'd 'mongst  
 A throng of braver enemies then they;  
 By whose assistance, if they durst oppose,  
 Ile cut the cordage of that hand although  
 Before the Altar, that layes hold on thee.

*The.* I would not have that silver feather'd dove,  
 On whose pure wings we first rais'd our affection, 2000  
 Her yet immaculate pinnions dip in bloud.

*Van.* Yet must we not  
 Tamely let Vultures prey upon our hearts.  
 I hear thy Father, *Ceugh within.*  
 And must betake my self to canting.

*Enter Carlo, servant leading him.*

*Car.* Oh ——— oh ——— oh!  
 Help me good Doctor:  
 Oh this tormenting Gout, my joints are rack'd.  
*Van.* Marke you Mounsieur — you must be — paesant till 2010  
 my me-di-cine can operate.

*Car.* Oh I can hold no longer, set me down softly *Geafery.*  
*Van.* And lay up de leg Sh-free ———  
 Here on de Cushoone ——— so ——— no, easie now.

*Car.* Not much ——— not much ——— how now girl?  
 Hast thou sent to invite thy ghests?

*The.* I have Sir, but doubt your want of health will much  
 obstruct their mirth.

*Car.* We'l have the fewer girl, 'twill save charges.  
 I do not like these costly feasts, 2020  
 They but undo young couples ——— Oh my joints!  
 Doctor, we shall have your 'company.

*Van.* Me be very sorry, me cannot be your servant,  
 But de number of de patients dat call upon me.

*The.* We shall excuse you Sir, but could your time permit,

you should be rang'd with the best of our friends.

*Van.* Me humbly thank you Madam.

*The.* We will be free, though my husband be not Courtly.

*Car.* Not Courtly saist, marry the better wench, it puts 2030  
me in hope I shall not live to see thee want, the swaggering  
Gallant goes out like a snuff, when the constant house-  
keeper gives the best light at last—Oh—oh—oh! my pain  
is intolerable ———

I would not have him hearken to this paltry poetry, nor  
visit harlotry playhouses. Let his employments be to read  
the Statutes. — oh — 'twill do him good — the knavery  
of a Lawyer, or the cunning of a Bankrout shall never  
undo him.

*Van.* And tose as I have heard be diseases Epidemical—but 2040  
be de law de speciall antidote.

*Car.* 'Tis our last refuge, but in these parts not thorough-  
ly prosecuted, I have now at the least fifty suits depending,  
and many of them I know to be poor rascals and not able to  
pay — oh now — now — And yet I can have no further re-  
compence then throwing them in Gaole ——— Oh my  
knee! ——— where they shall lie till they rot, if they pay  
not.

*Enter a servant.*

*Ser.* Some Tradesmen Mrs. *Theocrine*  
Desire to speak with you.

2050  
*Ex. The.*

*Car.* Do not buy thy garments too gaudy,  
Gold is better in thy purse then on thy back.  
Take example by thy aged father, *Theocrine*.  
Oh now it tugs again ——— now ——— now!

*Van.* Be of good comfort, it is but de acerbity of de  
humor ——— I will to my poison mixers, and prepare de  
richest ingredients.

*Car.* I think an ointment of good Foot oyl were good,  
 It is cheap and easily got, I would not 2060  
 Be at too much charges ——— lead me in  
*Geofry* ——— oh! ——— farewell good Doctor ——— oh!  
 This double charges will undo me.

*Van.* Thou ne'er wilt be so happy, wretched Miser,  
 To have that file polish thy cankerd soul.  
 The generous spirits punishment would be  
 To thee the effects of mercy. Is *Theocrine*,  
 My virtuous *Theocrine*, descended from  
 So vile a Father? Sure her Mother was  
 Some Angell clothed in flesh, that could not be 2070  
 Corrupted with th' affinity of vice;  
 Else had the rudenesse of his nature planted  
 Some thornes within that Paradise, which now  
 The amorous Myrtles tender branches dresse  
 In such soft lovely robes, her passions are  
 Sharpn'd with anger, but like thornes plac't  
 To guard those roses Virgin modesty.  
 Nor can pale fear in her more refuge seek,  
 Then to improve the Lillies on her cheek.

*Enter Theocrine.* 2080

*The.* Come follow me *Vanlore*,  
 I have prepar'd thy habit ——— let's hasten. *Ex. om.*

*Enter Buff. Godg. Creon, Lewcip.*

*Cre.* Fie, fie!  
 Not ready yet, and to be a Bridegroom ere break of day?  
*Buf.* I cannot tie my bond-strings.  
*Lew.* Assist him *Gudgeon* ——— S-death! what doest gape for?  
*Gud.* Cham't thorowly awak'd yet, chad rather  
 Be at whome again, a keeping of Sheep,  
 There chad time to fetch out my full sleep, 2090  
 Here cham tottered up all hours of the night.

*Cre.* Why, thou doest not grumble Rascall, give me ———  
come, pox on thy gouty fingers, they are fitter to tie  
sacks ———

*Gud.* 'Tis no matter for your frumps:  
Chon't be thus abused long, chill get me home, and be a  
paultry Servingman no longer, to lick trenchers and live  
upon scraps.

*Lew.* Why, how now slave, wert thou ever thus fine  
before? 2100

*Gud.* Yes in a pranked suit, 'tis much credit sure, e'n as  
much as the slit in our hawked Bullocks ear, or a mark in  
the side of a Sheep.

*Buff.* Come Tutor, now come help me trusse my points,  
Chwas never thus troubled with harnessing my self before,  
and this be the fruit of marriage, I will marry no more yet  
in hast. If my Nunckel had been a man as other men be, he  
might ha married her his self, and ha saved me this labour,  
but no matter *Gudgeon*, we'l have about at trull-me-dems  
when the Parson hath done. 2110

*Enter Arratus.*

*Arr.* I to my grief have heard all this.  
Unmaner'd slave! are these the fruits of all  
My ill bestowed expenses? I see it lies not  
I'th power of art to polish thee, I have  
Ransack'd the City for the choiest wits,  
They rackt invention to improve thy knowledge,  
And yet thou still remainst a senslesse block.  
—— Pox on your ugly looks —— you sleepish clown,  
Pull up thy spirits —— or by heaven —— *Kicks him.* 2120

*Gud.* Master, give the testy old fool a clowt o'th ear.

*Arr.* What, art thou barking connsell to him?  
Never were there such a couple of whelps  
Harl'd together, hell take you both for muddy slaves;

He rather leave my revenues in the wals of a Hospitall,  
Or build Temples for the next Faction to pull down,  
Then bestow it on such a puppy.

*Cre.* 'Twill become your discretion, Sir, to smother  
Your anger for the present, let this dayes  
Businesse be past over ere you nourish the flame; 2130  
Then if you see no reformation, we shall not  
Counsell to ought your judgment approves not of.

*Lew.* Should you so untimely withdraw your love,  
His disgrace would reflect on your reputation.

*Arr.* You shall prevail for this once, come Sirrah  
—— See thy behaviour redeem thy credit  
—— Or thou art lost ——

*Gud.* —— Lost! hey —— 'tis no matter and we were  
Both lost, so we could find some of our old  
Mates again —— Ich can't abide these Courtnowles. *Ex. om.* 2140

*Enter Zanna. leading Glori. Oroandes Eurione.*

*Zan.* Must we part here?

*Glo.* Yes there are some ceremonies yet to come  
—— Ere you enter farther ——

*Oro.* —— To morrow night  
No Cherubin will guard the gates that lead  
Unto our blisful thrones, these Ivory temples  
Will dedicated both to *Janus* stand  
Open in all the Civill wars of love.

*Eur.* How *Oroandes* —— thou art wanton friend, 2150  
We are yet cloth'd in thoughts as pure and white  
As new created Vestals, such discourse  
Will not be harmony —— when fetter'd in  
Your bridall beds, we willing captives lie.

*Oro.* Nor discord my *Eurione* —— the modest blush  
Corals the Virgin cheek no longer then  
The trecherous light betrayes her to the view

Of the delighted Paranymps.

The curtain'd bed presents unknown delights  
 Cloth'd in unpractic't nature, which improv'd 2160  
 By loves assimilating virtue warmes  
 The unform'd embryo into full blown joy.

*Eur.* What shall I call this, experimental or imaginary?

*Oro.* Thy virtue best knows what ——

*Glo.* I see my Lord the active wars afford  
 Sometime to melt in passive thoughts, your steel  
 Soft love may polish to a looking glasse.

*Eur.* Yes, and work the waving plume into a fan.

*Glo.* The stubborn helmet into lawn, and strew  
 Bodkins and pins for rapiers round their beds. 2170

*Zan.* Why, Ladies —— though we have been  
 Immur'd in steel, we are no Cyclopes yet,  
 Our joints are supple, though not weak as those  
 Whose knees are oftner to his Mistris bowed  
 Then to his God, who measures out his life  
 In wanton Galliards, and a fiddlestick  
 Knows better how to handle then a sword,  
 No stand of pikes their bristled squadrons place  
 About our chins, nor are our lips hedg'd in  
 With quickset beards which thatch a *Scythians* face. 2180  
 The Souldier when he'th stew'd his bowels in  
 The bloud, and sweat of enemies, is then  
 Most fit to kisse the balmy lips of peace;  
 His fresh and lusty appetite digests  
 What glutted Courtiers surfet on, and makes  
 They labour his refreshing exercise.

*Glo.* We cannot doubt the softnesse your limbs,  
 As long as flints will break on feather beds.

*Zan.* Thy active wit my Glorianda sports  
 In our rude fancies deserts. 2190

*Oro.* Let her freind, to morrow might she must  
 Impal'd within the narrow circle of  
 Thy armes be barr'd that liberty, and then  
 Her world of Virgin thoughts will all conclude  
 In the possession of Elyzium,  
 Her Lillies and thy Lawrell both will be  
 Oretopt by Cupids Myrtles. The Phoenix  
 And warlike Eagle to a wilderness  
 Untrod by fancies future steps may flie,  
 Whilst *Venus* Doves are harbour'd in your breasts. 2200

*Enter a Page.*

*Pag.* ——— My Lord ———

*Oro.* To me! ——— thy businesse. *Gives him a Letter.*  
 From his Majesty.

It nought contains but what must be obeyed.

*Pag.* I shall return that answer Sir. *Ex. Pag.*

*Oro.* They must not see this, it may contain  
 News that may ruffle all their calm delights.

*Eur.* What was this fellowes businesse *Oroandes*?

*Oro.* The King hath sent for me. Go virgin friends, 2210  
 This night lie shivering in your native ice,  
 The blooming spring approaches, which must change  
 Your snow to beds of roses ——— goodnight

——— Blest Angels clasp their wings above your beds. *Ex. Oro.*

*Zan.* Come ——— Ile only wait you to your Chamber door,  
 ——— And there ——— leave my best wishes to attend you further.

*Ex. severally.*

*Enter the Priest of Hymen, two Maids leading Buffonie, Creon  
 and Lewcippus leading Theocrine, Carlo born in a  
 chair, Arratus with lights and attendants.* 2220

*Car.* Carry me gently ——— oh that my pain should so vex  
 me at this good time!

*Being come to the middle of the Stage, the candles begin to*

*wax out, flashes of light within the curtain, Vanlore  
in manner of a ghost appears, and suddenly  
draws back within the curtain.*

*Pri.* What prodigies are these? (*Arr.*) The light appears  
again.

*Car.* It is some spectrum. (*Buf.*) I hope the Devill wo'  
not forbid the banes. 2230

*He appears again, at which the bearers letting fall Carlo's  
chair, run hastily forth all but Carlo, who lies  
sprawling on the ground, to him enters  
one disguised in a dreadful shape  
representing the Devill.*

*Dev.* ——— Prepare ——— prepare  
I come to bear  
Thy body where  
No eye shall ere

Behold thee more, but those that share 2240  
With thee in everlasting care.

*Car.* ——— Oh! ——— Oh! ——— I cannot rise,  
Some good body save me from the spirit.

*Dev.* Come ——— come away,  
Hell hates delay,  
I sent the day,  
And dare not stay,  
Lest light by ugly form betray,  
Ghosts may not see what mortals may.

*Theocrine above.* 2250

Be gone foul fiend, there are some saving drops  
Of mercy yet hang over him and stops  
Thy eager hast.

*Dev.* Oh do not wast  
Thy time i'th' air, heaven his eternall doom  
Hath seal'd with Orphanes bloud, but will no room

For such dam'd souls admit,  
 Thou art call'd up to sit  
 Circel'd with glory 'mongst the blisful thrones,  
 But he cast down, down, where in hollow groans 2260  
 His sins shall still complain.

*The.* Tears will wash off their stain,  
 There needs no flames to purge them Live ——— live then  
 But only to repent on earth ——— which when  
 Perform'd, come rest with me.

*Car.* Where art? oh let me see.

*The.* That is not in my power to grant ——— to thin  
 Unbodied aire I am resolv'd, which in  
 This region only hovers  
 Till time and fate discovers 2270

What will become of thee. (*Dev.*) What but to go  
 Wi h me where flouds of flaming sulphur flow,  
 Through dark and souty caves,  
 Where endlesse madnesse raves,

Where living flame in everlasting night  
 Still dying burns, but burning gives no light?

The busie Furies there

His restlesse bed prepare

Of molten gold spread o're with burning flakes,  
 Curtain'd with horror, and begirt with Snakes. 2280

Then cease, and hast unto

Those white souls that have flew

Above my reach, which I have only power

To envy not to hurt. (*The.*) But can the hour

Not be a while prolong'd?

*Dev.* Then destiny were wrong'd.

*Shaking his chains he runs towards him, at which enter  
 the Priest in his pontificall ornaments, as he*

*begins to read, the Devill roaring runs  
forth.*

2290

*Pri.* I thought thou durst not stand to encounter with  
So brave an enemy as this.

*A noise within, at which Carlo rising runs halting forth.*

*Ex. Priest.*

*Enter Vanlore, Theocrine, and two Bandeets.*

*Van.* They're gone ——— and too much frighted to re-  
turn in hast.

*The.* Our plot hath equall to our wishes thriv'd.

*Van.* I am indebted ——— brave Bandeets to you,  
But will requite it in the like attempt  
When ere occasion shall require my aid.

2300

1. *Ban.* We are so much your creatures Sir, that tis  
The child of duty, when our gratitude  
Offers all service to so loved a master.

*Van.* Time will admit but small commerce of words,  
My actions still shall speak me yours ———

*The.* Dear *Vanlore* let's be gone;  
They will pursue as soon as they've collected  
Their yet unrallied spirits.

*Van.* Thou art the loadstone *Theocrine*, by whose  
Attractive power the Compasse of my thoughts  
Directed by thy wit, their Needle, steers  
My almost Shipwrackt hopes, into a safe  
And quiet harbor of content.

2310

*Ex. om.*

*Enter Oroandes alone reading a note.*

*Oro.* ——— The hour five ——— the place the plain beneath the  
Hermits rock.

I have not mist in either circumstance,  
Unlesse my haste anticipated time ——— it yet is not full five  
——— The morning hath not lost her virgin blush  
Nor step, but mine soild the earths tinsel'd robe.

2320

——— How full of heaven this solitude appears,  
 This healthful comfort of the happy swain,  
 Who from his hard, but peacefull bed rous'd up  
 In's morning exercise saluted is  
 By a full quire of feather'd Choristers  
 Wedding their notes to the inamour'd air.

Here Nature in her unaffected dresse,  
 Plaited with vallies and imboast with hills,  
 Enchac't with silver streams, and fring'd with woods, 2330  
 Sits lovely in her native russet, whilst  
 Lame Art to hide her known deformitie  
 With painting surfets each discerning eie.

*Enter the King disguised.*

*Oro.* 'Tis he, but strangely chang'd.

*Kin.* *Oroandes*, you're now a loyal Subject.

*Oro.* All my ambition ne'r flew higher Sir,  
 Then in that region of your thoughts to thrive.

*Kin.* There it was grown to full maturity  
 Ere thou wrotest man, my *Oroandes*, but I must 2340  
 Like wanton *Nero* either ruine all  
 The glorious structure of thy hopes, or live  
 Imprison'd in thy loyalty, thy life  
 Till now my strongest fortresse is become  
 The fatall engine of my ruine.

*Oro.* ——— Heaven ——— what have I done to merit this?

*Kin.* Nothing but been too virtuous, and by that  
 Center'd affections, which I must remove  
 Or shake thee into Chaos.

*Oro.* This language blasts me, sure I have no sin 2350  
 Ponderous enough to boy your vengeance up  
 Unto this dangerous height. Did I but think  
 One Viper lodg'd in my remotest thought,  
 I'd tear each fiber of my heart to find

The monster forth, and in my bloud imbalm'd  
 Throw it as far as lifes short span can reach.  
 But heaven my witnesse is, no flame of zeal  
 But hath been yours i'th second magnitude,  
 My vowes of kin to those I paid the gods,  
 My prayers, but love, and duty, fir'd into 2360  
 A holy Calenture. Yet if all this  
 Like a small Stars kind influence govern'd by  
 A regall Planets crosse aspects, must drop  
 Its fading beams into that house of death  
 Your fierce destructive anger, let me shew  
 The latitude of my obedience, in  
 Dying at the command of him for whom  
 I only wish to live. Did all my friends  
 Look on the object through their tears, the ghost  
 Of my dead Mother, capable of grief 2370  
 As of eternity, and yet clothed in  
 Humanities most frail affections, all  
 Those rivolets of sorrow should not wash  
 The sanguin stain of my resolves, so they  
 If executed could procure a calm  
 In this high tempest of your soul.

*Kin.* Thy virtue fathomes not my depth of guilt,  
 Such a prevention of my anger would  
 Only exchange the active passion for  
 Sorrow as insupportable; those characters 2380  
 Which must unfold the sables of my soul  
 Are in dark Hieroglyphicks hid, through which  
 Thy strength of judgment cannot pierce.

*Oro.* You speak in misty wonders, Sir, such as lead  
 My apprehension into wilde Meanders.

*Kin.* This will unriddle all our doubts ——— draw.

*Oro.* Against my Sovereign! an act so wicked would

Retort the guilty steel into my breast.  
Fear never yet marbled a cowards bloud  
More then obedience mine, that breath hath lockt  
In ice the panting channels of my heart,  
No spirits dare from their cold center move.

2390

*Kin.* Will you deny —— when I command?

*Oro.* Pardon me royall Sir; had such a voice  
Legitimated my attempts, I had  
Not paus'd at the incounter of a danger  
Horrid as all the wars oth' elements,  
When ruff'd into stormes could present;  
I would bestride a cloud with lightning charg'd,  
In's full carrear affront a thunderboults,  
Leap through the clefts of earthquakes, or attempt  
To prop the ruins of a falling rock,  
Yet count all this my happinesse, so I  
Met death in the white robes of loyalty.  
But to encounter such a ghastly foe  
In the black shadow of Rebellion, shakes  
The strongest pillars of my soul. You are my King,  
My King —— whose frowns should be  
More dreadfull to me, then oraculous truths  
When threatning sudden ruine; your sacred person  
Is circl'd with divinity, which without reverence  
To touch is sacriledge, to look on sin  
Unlesse each glance is usher'd with a prayer.  
Kings are but living temples, wherein is  
As in the Nations center, the chief seat  
Of their protecting God, and shall I then  
Pollute my hands in bloud, whose every drop  
Would swell my Countreys tears into a floud?

2400

2410

*Kin.* Are my attempts priz'd at so cheap a rate?  
Wears not my sword a danger on its point

2420

As well as thine? ——— draw ——— or I shall conclude  
'Tis fear, not loyalty, that charms thy hand.

*Oro.* This stirs my blood ——— were you a private man  
That only had his better genius to  
Protect him, though allied to me by all  
The ties of Nature and of friendship, yet  
Being thus far urged, our Swords long since should have  
Made known whose Stars the brighter influence had.

*Kin.* I have unfetter'd all those legall bondes ——— draw,  
For thy denying now but sleights my power. 2430

*Oro.* Then ——— since theres no evasion, *Or. draws.*  
Witnesse ye Gods ——— my innocence is wrong'd.  
—— But gracious Sir —— *Kneels.*

Before I fall —— or stand, lesse fortunate  
To see you overthrow, oh let me know  
What fate, —— what cruell fate hath rob'd me of  
The treasures of your love: I never yet  
Sullied my soul with any thought that might  
Deserve your hate, heaven is my faithful witnesse  
I harbour none of you, but such as are 2440  
More full of zeal then those pure orizons,  
Which martyr'd Saints mix with their dying groans.

*Kin.* And must such goodness die! —— know noble youth,  
I am so far from calling it desert  
In thee, that hath unsheathed my sword, that in  
This midnight storm of fancy, I can shead  
Some drops of pity too, pity to change  
So true a subject for a treacherous ghest.  
I come not rashly to attempt thy life,  
But long have strugl'd with my hot desires, 2450  
Stood fiery trials of temptations, which  
Have sublimated reason till it's grown  
Too volatile to be contain'd within  
My brain, that overheated Crucible.

I am diseas'd, and know no way to health  
But through a deluge of thy bloud.

*Oro.* There needs not then this storm to break down  
The bayes that verge the crimson sea ——— this stroke  
Shall open all the sluices of my bloud.

*Kin.* Hold ——— or else thou rob'st me of my fixt resolves. 2460  
——— There is a cause ———  
Commands me die in the attempt, or kill thee.

*Gro.* Dear Sir, reveal it ———  
That ere I fall my penitential tears  
May from that leprous crime expunge my soul.

*Kin.* Alas brave youth, thy innocence needs not  
The laver of a tear, thy candid thoughts  
White as the robes of Angels are, but mine  
The dresse of Devils, I that should protect  
Am come to rob my best of subjects, to rob 2470  
Thee of thy dearest treasure; I know thy love  
To fair *Eurione* inseparable  
As goodnesse from a deity ——— yet must  
Deprive thee of this darling of thy soul.

*Oro.* With pardon, royall Sir, I cannot think  
The *Cyprian* Princesse is so soon forgot,  
With whom compar'd, my poor *Eurione*  
Though bright to me, to more discerning eyes  
Shine dim as the pale Moon when she lets fall  
Through a dark grove her melancholy beams. 2480

*Kin.* Doest thou affect her, yet dispraise a beauty  
That in its orb contracts divinity?  
This prophanation, what had else been sin  
Will render meritorious ——— guard thy self.

*They fight, Antellus wounded.*

*Oro.* ——— Hah ——— thou bleedest.

*Kin.* Oh but too slowly ——— if your wound admits

No other medicine, this will neer be balm.

*Fight again, the King wounded.*

*Oro.* I doubt that thrust ——— 2490

*Kin.* It was a gentle one, and hath concluded  
The business that we met for.

Now we are friends again; friends till death. *Fals.*

*Oro.* Oh do not faint,  
Call up your spirits Sir, there yet is hopes of life.

*Kin.* None — my vitall powers fail — they're heavy leads,  
My eyes are bowing to eternall night,  
My heart beats thick alarmes, yet can rally  
No troops of scattered spirits— — oh — oh! — I faint.

*Oro.* And I grow wilde with horror, wilder then .2500  
A flame provoked by angry winds.

—— What shall I do? or whither flie,  
To leave behind me this pursuing guilt? *A noise within.*

*Kin.* — Oh — oh — be gone — be gone *Oroandes.*  
Some company draws neer.

Mayst thou live long and happy in the imbraces  
Of her, whom I unjustly strove to have.  
My dying wishes waits upon your joyes.

*Oro.* Angels attend your latest hour, I go  
From hence, but to my everlasting wo. *Ex. Oroandes.* 2510.

*Enter four Bandeets.*

1. *Ban.* S-death! Ile not loose my share.

2. *Ban.* Nor I, by heaven, although I search  
For what's my own through my opposers bloud.

3. *Ban.* Swounds! what d'ee quarrel for trifles?  
Pox on you for covetous Rascals, take all mine.

4. *Ban.* And mine too, so you will be content.

1. *Ban.* Another prize, the spoil of this will reconcile us.

2. *Ban.* He bleeds ——— Sh-ho ——— he stirs not, let's strip  
him. 2520

3. *Ban.* There's life in him —— let's bear him off.  
I have heard the captive Lady speak of a pretious Cordial  
she hath, if it recover him, his ransome may be better worth  
then these gaudy clothes ——

4. *Ban.* Here, lend your hands.

*They lay the body on a Cloke, and ex.*

*Enter Buff. and Gudg.*

*Buf.* Oh *Gudgeon* we are undone, there is no recovering of  
her —— what shall I do for another wife?

*Gud.* Shall I let her cry Master? 2530

*Buff.* Ah, do good carefull servant, some of these honest  
people may chance to know of her, aloud good *Gudgeon*.

*Mounts on a stool.*

*Gud.* —— Oh yes —— oh yes —— oh yes  
If any man —— in City —— Town —— or Countrey,  
Can tell any tidings of a strayed Lady.

*Enter Arratus and Carlo.*

*Arr.* What's this? A hobby-horse dance?

*Buff.* Oh no Sir —— good Nunckel be quiet ——  
My man *Gudgeon* is only making known my losse. 2540

*Arr.* Is this thy grief, unpolisht clown?

*Buff.* Why should I cry my self as long as I had a man?

*Arr.* Thou art a scandall which will ever stick  
Like a corroding cancer on my name

—— Be gone ——

*Kicks him.*

Back to thy rustick father, and there spend  
Thy time 'mongst beasts lesse savage then thy self.

*Buff.* Why then farewell, a turd for all such Nunckels.  
Come *Gudgeon* we'll een go home to plow again.

*Gud.* Ay, and whistle better tunes than ere we learn'd at 2550  
Court.

*Ex. Buff. and Gudg.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Car.* Oh save me brother,

Here comes the ghost.

*Mess.* My Lord *Arratus*, you are suddenly expected at the Court.

*Arr.* Why good friends? ——— what's the matter?

*Mess.* The King and my Lord *Oroandes* are missing.

*Car.* How! lost! ——— I hope my daughters messenger hath not transported them, was it a ghost carried them away 2560  
friend? speak man ——— I hear them still.

*Mess.* I come not to jest Sir, my Lord, are you ready?

*Arr.* I will follow thee ——— how am I perplex?  
Come brother I will see you to your Chamber.

*Car.* We will not go through the Gallery,  
The place smels of Brimstone. *Ex. om.*

*Enter Zannazarro, Glorianda, and Eurione.*

*Zan.* How sad a change is this! this morning was  
Appointed for more joyfull interviews.

*Glo.* When last nights slumbers rob'd our wakeful hopes 2570  
Of the delicious births of fancy, 'twas  
With fairer promises, else our closed eyes  
Had not been then made floudgates to these tears.  
——— Poor *Eurione*, I fain would comfort thee,  
But my own griefs make me a stranger to  
——— 'That balmy language.

*Zan.* Dear Sister ——— thy passions are too violent,  
The messengers are not yet all return'd,  
Nor have we spoke with *Arratus*, some of which  
——— May happily bring news of them. 2580

*Glo.* They may *Eurione*, stifle thy passions untill then.

*Enter Arratus.*

*Zan.* My Lord, you either come to share in grief  
With us, or ease ours by some blest discovery.  
——— You've heard what royal mineral let flie this damp.

*Arr.* Our Sovereign's lost.

*Glo.* Too sad a truth.

*Arr.* My largest intelligence lies within the wals of the City, and there he hath not been yet heard of.

Is none with him my Lord? ———

2590

*Zan.* Yes, *Oroandes* ———

*Arrr.* I will go have the City searcht.

*Eur.* That hath already proved a fruitlesse labour.  
Vain as the glimmerings of our hope, they're gone  
Beyond the reach of our industrious care,  
Some cruell fate hath laid an ambush to  
Betray the strength of all our joyes in them.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Zan.* Here comes our last of hopes, speak thy successe.

*Mess.* Not good my Lord, we've traverst all the fields

2600

That circle lofty Erix, and yet seen  
No chearfull beam of wisht intelligence,  
We left no traveller unaskt, no Cottage lay  
So unfrequented but we found it out,  
And into strict examination took  
Its rustick honour. Yet our journey was  
Oft by the dangerous excursions of  
Troops of Bandeets obstructed, safe from whom  
Our speed not strength convey'd us, all we found  
Worthy to fix an observation, was  
A place beneath the Hermits rock, which stained  
With store of bloud, did by that blush confesse  
So late a guilt, no cloud had since 'twas shed  
Dropt tears enough to wash it off, we searcht,  
The purple grasse, but no vestigia found,  
'Less this may do it, to inform us whence it came.

2610

*Shews a bloody handkerchief which they finde to be the  
Kings.*

*Eur.* Oh my Prophettique fears!

Zan. Our Sorrows are confirm'd. 2620

Glo. They are, in bloody characters.

Arr. I will go and secure the Cittadel, and cry treason.

*Ex. Arratus.*

Zan. ——— Sorrow outgrows all my resolves.

Eur. And my heart rents with this divided grief.

Zan. This is an act of these untamed Bandeets,

These plagues of *Sicily*, but if the force

Of *Syracuse* can bay their power, we'l have

Their heads to build a temple ore his grave.

*The end of the fourth Act.* 2630

ACTUS QUINTUS.

*The King led in by a Bandeet, Heroina preparing to dresse him.*

Kin. I've now got strength enough to render thanks  
Unto the fair preserver of my life.

——— Where is she Sir?

Her. Here, ready to second my first weak indevours.

Kin. They then were strengthen'd by some power above

The common reach of art, my weaknesse else

Had yet confin'd me to my sickly bed. 2640

*He sits whilst she dresses him.*

Ban. Let me assist you Lady ———

Her. Your change of colour argues faintnesse Sir,

This will recall your spirits ———

*Giives him a Cordial.*

D'ee feel no alteration?

Kin. Yes my spirits stir, as if they would shake off

The sluggish weight of weaknesse, I am grown

Active as if the vigorous strength of youth

And health were wedded in my heart, my bloud

Runs as it scorn'd to be confin'd within

2650

The channels of my veins, yet is allayed  
 By th' even temper of my soul. Sure this  
 Rare Cordiall was some deities rich gift.

*Her.* The fitter to be given to those they love,  
 For such you are, else my poor medicines had  
 Ne're thus effected miracles.

*Ban.* Am I no longer useful here? if not,  
 My businesse cal's me hence.

*Kin.* Sir I should wrong your curtesie to draw  
 You from the front of time, if ought that may  
 Concern your self commands you hence.

2660

*Ban.* Then I will take my leave.

*Kin.* My thanks attend you Sir.

*Ex. Ban.*

*Her.* How much in every turning of the eie  
 Doth he resemble my heroick love?

*Aside.*

*Kin.* You're sad sweet Lady.

*Her.* I have a cause, and such a one that did  
 You know, your goodnesse would commiserate  
 My wretched fortune.

*Kin.* Reveal it Lady, I perhaps may be  
 Inabled then to give your Cordials back  
 In some such curtesie as may deserve  
 To be a thankfull handmaid unto yours.

2670

*Her.* I was resolv'd to weep away my time  
 In private sorrow, but discovery can  
 Not aggravate my woe, besides I may  
 Venture to lodge a secret, where I have found  
 Such temperate virtues the souls portals bar,  
 Ile only with this question usher in  
 My own discovery, Is *Sicily* your place  
 Of birth or not?

2680

*Kin.* It is, and breeding both.

*Her.* Ile not demand what were the Parentage

Where I find virtues plant Nobility,  
Yet would be loath to a Plebeian breast  
To trust what I must now divulge.

*Kin.* You may be confident, I am a Gentleman  
As well by birth as education Lady.

*Her.* I do presume it Sir, and therefore wish,  
Of all I now remain amongst to be  
Known unto you alone ——— 2690

You never had relation to the Court?

*Kin.* There was my breeding.

*Her.* Neer the person of the King?

*Kin.* One of his Bed-chamber, and 'tis no boast  
To say as well belov'd of him as any,  
There being in the opinion of the Court  
A neer resemblance of our looks.

*Her.* Then sure my name is not a stranger to you,  
Have you not heard of the *Cyprian* Princesse? 2700

*Kin.* The beauteous *Heroïna*.

*Her.* The wretched *Heroïna*, such I'm sure  
Is my condition in my present state.

*Kin.* Pardon this child of ignorance, my rude  
And unbecoming boldnesse. *Kneels.*

*Her.* Rise Sir, we are companions yet,  
And hope we shall be, till your royall Master  
Possesse, what was long since intended his;  
By what disaster I was cast upon  
This dreadfull precipice of danger, as 2710  
We are withdrawing Ile relate, but not  
To tempt a danger stay you longer here.

*Kin.* Your care can have no satisfaction but  
A loyall servants prayers. *Ex. om.*

*Enter Oroandes and a Surgeon.*

*Gro.* Not find the body sayst? ———

*Sur.* No Sir ——— yet by the large effusion of his blood  
 Had a too sad assurance of the place,  
 Some Mountaineers have certainly conveyed  
 His body thence to burial; those bloody characters 2720  
 Are arguments of no lesse ill then death.

*Oro.* ——— Then I am lost eternally ——— lost to all  
 That bears a shew of goodnesse, heaven, and earth  
 Will both strive to forget they ever knew  
 A soul deform'd with wickednesse like mine.  
 ——— My feverish sins dry up the dews of mercy  
 In their descent, and blast all vertue that  
 Approaches neer me, I shall never find  
 A Saint in heaven, or Fiend on earth but will,  
 As a dire prodigy, created to 2730  
 Scatter infection through the world, forsake  
 My hated company, as fit to mix  
 With none but the society of Devils.

*Sur.* Sir I wish I in ought else could serve you.

*Oro.* I thank thee friend ——— *Ex. Surgeon.*

——— Heavens ———  
 What an unweildy monster am I grown  
 Since by this act swel'd to a regicide ———  
 ——— On my accursed stars that only lent  
 Your influence to light me to damnation, 2740  
 Not all my penitential tears will ere  
 Wash off the spots from my stain'd soul, this gangren  
 Is cur'd by no Lixivium but of blood.  
 My heart is lodg'd within a bed of Snakes  
 Such as old fancies arm'd the Furies with.  
 Conscience waits on me like the frightening shades  
 Of ghosts when gastly messengers of death.  
 My thoughts are but the infore't retreats  
 Of tortur'd reason to a troubled fancy.

—— Hah! —— am I surprized —— 2750

*Enter Surgeon.*

*Sur.* Sir not by me, I only finding that  
You were much troubled at this accident,  
Am come to lend you my assistance in  
Concealing of your person, untill by  
The mediation of your friends you may  
Open these harsh obstructions of your fate.

*Oro.* This is a curtesie I never merited  
Either from heaven, or thee their messenger.  
My hopes are yet not wholly ruin'd, I will 2760  
Along with thee, and in some dark disguise  
Expect the clouded raies of better things.

*Ex. Sur. and Oroandes.*

*Enter Vanlore, Theocrine, and Bandeets.*

*Van.* Now *Theocrine* I boldly may ingage  
My promise for thy safety, we are past  
All habitable places ——

*The.* Were not thy company my best security,  
This deserts wilde inhabitants would fright  
Me more then all my fathers Scouts, to whom 2770  
Without a blush my innocence would dare  
Disrobe my actions, now I fear no fate  
So sad as the preventing my desires.

*Van.* Thou art the joy and comfort of my life;  
More chearfull then the suns society  
To winter starved *Scythians*; —— Come my Love  
This bed of Violets courts us to repose.  
Now, —— now within the circle of my armes  
I grasp a gem, by me more prized then all  
The worlds five zones imbraces, now we live 2780  
I' th' upper sphere of fancy, and spin out  
The evenest threeds of all our mortall web.

These are the sugr'd minutes of our lives,  
The balmy drops that cure the minds sad wounds.

Since man lost Paradise, he knew no place  
To emblem heaven, but in a womans face.

*The.* Why thou art wanton friend, this is discourse  
For Love that hath not out-grown infancy,  
Ours now is too mature ———

*Van.* Nor ever will, when we are both grown old, 2790  
Thy polisht ivory furrowed o'er with age  
In silver robes on beauties ruines plac't  
Our mutuall wonder still shall last, but I  
Must binde up all the gaudy flowers of love  
In threeds of admiration, no epithites  
Such fragrant virtues separated from  
The generall name of good, can ere again  
Pick out and bind them in due prayses up.

*The.* I can be well content to hear thee talk  
On any argument, but a lesse pleasing 2800  
Thou couldst not well have taken.

*Enter a Banded.*

*Ban.* S-death! Captain, what d'ee mean?  
This is no place of safety, the wayes are all beset  
With troops of horse, our Scouts beat in from all parts  
Wounded and bloody, if we all betake not our selves  
To our armes we are lost in an instant.

*The.* Oh prithy *Vanlore* hasten hence.

*Van.* I only fear thy safety. *Ex. om.*

*Enter two Banded.* 2810

1. *Ban.* S-death! we must be gone.

2. *Ban.* Tis not our use to run.

1. *Ban.* Pox on't, the oddes is unreasonable.

2. *Ban.* Swounds, I think they have horst all the Carters  
in the Countrey, the thick skin'd rogues my Rapier could

hardly pierce them.

2. *Ban.* But theirs pierc't us, I have a wound here yawnes  
like a Dragon ——— let's hasten to a Surgeon.

*Enter a Banded bleeding and fals.*

3. *Ban.* Hell perish all the slaves, 2820  
I'm kill'd by a rustick dog.

And what torments me most, fall unreveng'd.

1. *Ban.* Poor Brother we would help thee, but want it  
our selves.

3. *Ban.* Yet bear me from the villains, and if your time  
Permits, bury me like a Souldier, I was born  
Of noble parentage, but drove by want  
To these unlawfull courses, and have this,  
This for my punishment ——— *One hollowes within.*

2. *Ban.* Hark ——— Swounds, we shall be surpriz'd 2830  
Here right ere long ———

*They bear off him that fell, and ex. om.*

*Enter Heroina alone.*

*Her.* What desperate wretches do I live amongst?  
Terror allarums them from every side,  
Their Scouts bring no intelligence but death  
Approaching at their backs, and yet  
They bathe in riot, and with bloudy oathes  
Stab heaven betwixt each word they speak, their prayers  
Are only for damnation, though they breath 2840  
Their souls forth with that fearful wish.

*Enter a Banded drunk.*

1. *Ban.* ——— Dam me ——— A short life and a merry.  
Swounds if we die ——— we die ——— let's be  
Merry whilst we live ———

*Her.* I tremble at this Villains sight.

*Offers to go forth.*

1. *Ban.* Whether now Doxie ——— S-death! you

Whore come hither ——— Pox on your squeamish face,  
Lie down ——— or Ile cut thy throat. 2850

*Her.* You will not offer to abuse me thus.

1. *Ban.* Dam me, Ile do't, and thou wert my sister,  
Thy puling shall not save thee.

*Her.* Upon my knees I beg thee not to touch me.

1. *Ban.* Thou wilt be heard better lying upon thy back.

*Her.* Thou knowest not whom thou injurest;

—— I am a Princesse.

1. *Ban.* The better, then the boy I beget will be noble  
By the Mothers side ——— Swounds, will you not bend?

*Her.* Is none more civill near? 2860

*Enter the King.*

*Kin.* What villany is this, ——  
Forbear unhallowed slave,

*Snatches forth the Bandeets sword.*

This weapon shall revenge her if thou durst  
Abuse her with the least uncivil touch.

*Enter two Bandeets.*

1. *Ban.* Swounds, help me here,  
This Rascall hath got my sword.

2. *Ban.* Dares the thawed snake to sting? 2870  
Deliver him his sword ——

*Kin.* I will, so you will promise he shall use  
It not to force resistlesse womens honour,  
As late he did attempt this noble Virgins,  
And if by me not timely rescued had  
Made it the prize of his oremastering strength.

3. *Ban.* Must you Sir make conditions?

*They both draw and lay at him.*

*Whilst they are fighting, enter Vanlore and Theocrine.*

*Van.* What is the cause of this? 2880  
Sheath your Swords, that man

That dares proffer another blow,  
Forfeits his life for tribute to my sword.

*Her.* This was a timely rescue, and hath by  
The fair redemption of my honour, more  
Then satisfied all those arrears, your life  
Did stand ingag'd in to my usefull art.

*Kin.* The brightest stars that rule my fate did light  
Me to the blest imployment, but had all  
Set ere their influence had attain'd its end,  
Had not this Gentlemans assistance lent  
New vigour to their fading beams.

2890

*Her.* I must confesse a debt of thanks to him,  
Which if irregular opinion prove  
No enemy to his own safety, shall  
Be suddenly discharg'd ——— You may perceive Sir  
How black a storm waits on the lives of all  
Your wilde associates, wherefore if you have  
An overswaying power amongst them, chuse  
The now presented opportunity  
To free you from all future fears, which thus  
He light you to, draw up your company,  
And let those persecutors of my honour be  
My convoy to the Court, you'l find a Prince  
To be intreated, when your advocate  
Bears *Heroinaes* name.

2900

*Vanlore kneels.*

*Van.* Pardon me best of women and impute  
My rudenesse, to my ignorance,  
If any service can extenuate  
Crimes of such monstrous growth, our blouds shall pay  
The forfeit of our disobedience, in  
The not performing it.

2910

*Her.* Your hopes of safety prompts me to believe.  
—— Come Sir —— you shall attend us to the Court.

*Kin.* I am your vassal Madam, proud to have  
Such a command to usher my desires.

*Ex. om.*

*Enter Oroandes alone in the habit of a Forrester.*

*Oro.* ——— Not yet ——— not yet at quiet ——— no disguise  
Is dark enough to curtain o'er my guilt,  
Pale as the ghastly looks of men condemn'd 2920

It sits upon my Conscience. I see there is  
No place affords that soul a safe retreat  
That is pursued by a sharp-sented sin.  
The prosperous murderer that hath clothed his guilt  
In royall Ermins, all those furs of state  
Cannot preserve from trembling, he looks on  
Dejected wretches, as assassinate,  
And each petition for a ponyard fears.

——— Yet these are more secure then I, they may  
Pretend to merit in their wickednesse, 2930  
And call their crimes the cure of sickly states;

But I am left no refuge, lesse to know

The depth of horror can no further go.

——— Alas poor virtue, all thy white wing'd zeal  
Is wrought into a bed of sables, since  
Leaving thy heavenly dictates I betrayed  
My self unto these sooty gards of hell,  
Whose black inhabitants already call  
Me one of their society; ——— my eyes  
Are grown more killing then the Basilisks, 2940  
And each vein fill'd with poison, since these hands,  
These cursed hands were stained with royal blood.

——— Hah ——— all this is true ———

But do I want more desperation yet?

Are there not fiends enough now waiting on me  
To guide my trembling hand untill it reach  
The center of my life? ———

*Draws a sword from behind the curtain.*

This fatall weapon slew my Prince

——— This was his bloud that stains it, ——— 2950

The bloud that warm'd those browes a crown imbrae't

——— Let forth by me t'embalm the earth, and in

Warm vapors spend the pretious breath of life,

Which mounting upwards sent perfumes to heaven; ———

——— But now thou must be dipt in that which will

Leave a perpetual rust upon thy steel

More fretting then a canker. ——— blast all that near it grows,

And as it cools infect the ambient air

With blasts more deadly then the steams of hell ———

——— How it pants to come forth! ——— 2960

*Sets the Sword to his breast.*

——— Hah! ——— something staves my hand

My better Angel sure hath left me quite

——— How e'er I will not do it,

Although that every blast of air I draw

Be more tormenting then the gasps of death ———

——— No, I will live ——— live till disvellop'd guilt

Makes me a publick spectacle of hate ——— and then

Fall with my sins about me, when each tongue

Adds to their ponderous weight a full mouthed curse. 2970

——— The subtile spirits, that like lightning flie

Thorow my bloud, hath yet not suffered me

To parle with sleep since th' unhappy act,

——— I find them something calm'd, and will attempt

To reconcile them in this gentle shade.

*Lies down, having lain still a while enter two Bandeets.*

1. *Ban.* We have lost our company.

2. *Ban.* No matter, we shall finde the way to Court,  
I fear nothing but how we shall do to live honest.

1. *Ban.* The place requires it not, at most 'twill be 2980

Enough to seem so.

2. *Ban.* Though we never us'd it much, I doubt not  
But Hypocrisie is an art easily learn'd.

1. *Ban.* Come let's hasten, I would willingly see thee  
Between the King and the captive Princesse. \*

2. *Ban.* Her captivity is like to be our redemption.

1. *Bad.* If it prove not so, we must dance off the  
Stage in a halter ——— What do they call her name?

2. *Heroïna* ——— daughter to the *Cyprian* king,  
Betroth'd to ours a long time since, when he 2990  
Was abroad in his travels.

1. *Ban.* 'Twill be a joyful meeting unto them.

2. *Ban.* Had we not had ill luck, a Bandeet had been his  
Taster ——— *They discover Oroandes.*

How now, what have we here

——— So ho ——— what art? ———

1. *Ban.* Tush, some drunk Forrester, let him alone.

*Ex. Bandeets. Oroandes rises.*

*Oro. Heroïna!* ——— A Princesse!

——— And carying to the Court by Bandeets! 3000

It is the unhappy Lady that was betroth'd  
Unto my murther'd Sovereign ——— lighted on  
In their excursions by these rennegadoes.

——— Poor Lady ——— I have spoil'd her entertainment there;

——— But I will follow them, and with my bloud

Crimson the sables that must cloud the day. *Ex. Oroan.*

*Enter Arratus, servants setting forth two thrones, the  
one richly adorned, the other covered in mourning,  
before the black throne a table, on which a  
Crown is laid on a mourning cushion, 3010  
before the other throne is plac'd  
the picture of the King.*

*Arr.* Come ——— come ——— see all things in order

The Princesse is at hand ——— fie ——— fie,  
 This is an unexpected trouble ———  
 ——— Away you grosse witted rascall ——— doest not see  
 We strive to paint our sorrow in checquer'd work,  
 But this 'tis when women sit at the helm of state,  
 They square all Court entertainments to the fashion  
 Of the last Romance they heard. 3020

*Shout and acclamations within.*

Hark, they are enter'd the  
 Palace, I hear the Cannon ———  
 Go off from the Forts ——— be gone ——— and make way.  
*Loud musick. the Lord high Marshall, his white rod  
 wreathed in black ribbon, next him, the King  
 and Vanlore leading Heroina, her train  
 born up by Theocrine.*  
*At the other door (whilst a soft and melancholly musick  
 playes within) Zannazarro, Glorianda, and Eurione 3030  
 all in mourning; Zannazarro kneels, and  
 having kist Heroina's hand is  
 raised by her, she sa-  
 luting the other  
 Ladies.*

*Zan.* The best of welcomes this sad place affords  
 Waits on your Graces entertainment.

*Glo.* And we to do what service lies within  
 The verge of our indevours ———

*Her.* I thank you both sweet Ladies, and must first 3040  
 Employ your service in declaring what  
 These silent emblems of a sorrow mean.  
 I have not seen grief in the like disguise,  
 The lawrell and the funerall *Cypress* here  
 Have wreathed their ill met branches, and contends  
 Whose leaves shall Crown the *Syracusan* queen.

Zan. Will't please you ascend your throne, and there  
Lend your attention to the saddest story  
That ere did yet *Siciliaes* Annals blot?

*She ascends the throne. Zannazarro drawes the curtain 3050  
from before it, and discovers the picture of the  
King.*

Zan. Behold, great Princesse,  
All but the memory of his living fame  
Of *Syracusiaes* Monarch.

*She sounds and fals from the throne.*

Glo. Oh help —— help the Princesse.

Eur. Madam —— dear Madam.

Her. Oh —— oh —— God! ——

Arr. Bear her forth, and give her more air. 3060

Her. Hold —— I am better here —— if any thing  
Revive my spirits, 'twill be this that puts  
Me in the mind of my deceased Lord.  
—— Unhappy woman, first to know —— then love,  
Ingage thy faith, yet never to enjoy!

*Enter Oroandes in his own habit.*

Her. Why stand you thus amazed? ——

Zan. Pardon us Madam —— had the united dust  
Of some dead friend, whose memorie's near forgot,  
Visited earth in his known shape again, 3070  
Our wonder could not have arrived unto  
A higher pitch ——  
Let me imbrace thee friend.

Eur. —— My dearest *Oroandes* ——

Oro. Stand off —— yet farther off;  
You know not what you touch,  
You safer far may grapple with a flame,  
Or in his midnights walk affront a fiend  
Arm'd with full vials of destructive wrath.

The graves inhabitants, when folded in 3080

Corruption, are not more defil'd then I.

*Zan.* What tends this language to?

*Oro.* Destruction ——— *Zannazarro.*

*Eur.* How hast thou lost thy temper *Oroandes*?

Prithee look on me friend, or am I grown

A stranger to thy knowledge? ———

*Oro.* Leave me *Eurione*, thou art of kin

Unto those hallowed Angels that did once

Attend my actions, and must now with them

A stanger to thy *Oroandes* grow. 3090

*Eur.* Neglected thus! ——— Alas ——— where shall I weep?

*Her.* You are to me a stranger Sir, yet in  
Your look I something read that may concern  
Yonr absent Prince, collect those scattered spirits  
Now roaving in confusion, and relate it.

*Oro.* I would, but that it hath a sound so full  
Of trembling horror, 'twill unnerve your joints,  
—— Yet I must do't, no other way can lead  
My soul from out this wilderness of flesh  
—— He's murther'd. 3100

*Zan.* ——— By whom? ———

*Oro.* This cursed hand; d'ee start?  
I thought 'twould strike the bloud out of your cheeks,  
And make you paler then the act made me.  
'Twas I ——— 'twas I, that when your blooming hopes  
Chear'd with the sun of Majesty, were grown  
Big with expected favours, did eclipse  
The glorious light in a black cloud of death.  
I cut the heartstrings of the Land, and fed  
The groaning earth with bloud, whose purple had 3110  
Been by an antient stock of ancestors  
Died into royalty.

*Van.* Ingratefull slave ,why are our swords so slow  
 ——— To execute the villain?

*Eur.* Oh hold, believe him not ——— he raves,  
 These are the births of a distemper'd brain.

*Oro.* Thou hast but injured me *Eurione*  
 In staining their just fury ——— farewel,  
 Rest in E izium whilst I roar in hell. *Eurione fals.*

*Zan.* ——— Oh brother, if this be true, thou hast undone 3120  
 us all.

*Oro.* True ——— do not think  
 'Tis any natural distemper that  
 Spreads this malignant vapour through my veins,  
 Which nought but th' poison of my guilt corrupts.  
 ——— No I have done it brother,  
 And you are all bound as you love your Prince  
 To see't reveng'd with torments, here's a note  
 Will when I'm dead direct you where to find him.  
 And now I've done my businesse on the earth,  
 Ile give the first stroak to revenge, and here

3130

*Sets the Sword to his breast.*

Open a passage for your Swords to enter.

*As he is offering to stab himself the King stayes his hand.*

*Oro.* What bold hand is that?

*Kin.* One that here may claim a priviledge,

*Throwes off his disguise.*

——— Rise thou mirror of true loyalty,

——— Ne'r higher in our favour.

*They all kneel.*

*All.* Our gracious Soveraign! ———

3140

——— Welcome ——— oh welcome royall Sir!

*Kin.* You are all my much loved Subjects, such in whom  
 Never was king more blest ——— Madam  
 Your presence crowns our blessings ——— now I stand  
 Exalted in the zenith of my fate.

Who would not passe a stormy night, to be  
Thus courted by a lovely glorious day?

—— You all are sharers in my heart,

—— But thou my Love ——

*To Heroina.*

The great commandresse of that royall fort.

3150

—— Off with these night peec't curtains, no such vail

Shall cloud the perfect beauty of our joyes.

*Puls off the black from the throne.*

Ascend this throne, a place too humble for

Virtues so near allied to heaven as thine.

Now you expect the story of my fate

In *Syracuses* seeming Widowhood,

But the full sea of pleasure cannot yet

Contract its swelling waves, tumultuous joyes

Cannot be reconcil'd into discourse,

3160

Till *Hymens* tapour to possession lights

Our just desires, that eldest childe of hope.

—— I only have a pron ise to perform

Before you all unto this Gentleman,

And then will hasten to discharge the Arrears

I stand ingag'd in to your loyalty.

—— Are the Prisoners ready?

*Van* They wait at the door Sir.

*Kin.* Go fetch them in, thou must my dear

*Ent. 2 Bandeets leading Carlo.* 3170

Meet my first known imbraces, in the seat

Of long neglected Justice, set forth the Prisoners.

—— My Lord —— read the Indictment ——

*Reads.* *Vincentio Carlo*, you are here accused of a murther committed on a *Syracusian* Gentleman, his name *Vanlore*, the act done by two Souldiers whom you hired in the Camp at the siege of *Ardenna*: Guilty or not guilty?

*Car.* Not guilty and please your good Grace, alas I never

knew the man, I! ——— therefore I beseech your Majesty to be good to me, I am a poor ignorant man, and full of grief for 3180 the losse of my only daughter ———

*Kin.* That will be proved an act of your own, ——— Read on.

*Reads.* My Lord *Arratus*, you are here accused to be of confederacy with Signior *Carlo* in the murther of his daughter *Theocrine*.

*Arr.* Who I! ——— why I! ——— who dares?

*Kin.* Bandeets lay hold of him, where are the witnesses?

*Enter two officers leading Creon and Lewcippus going lame and bound about the head.*

*Cre.* Oh—oh—so weak, I am hardly able to go to the Bar. 3190

*Lew.* I doubt we shall find it a harder march

To the Gallows, but this I may thank thy villainy for.

*Cre.* Thou liest Rascal, thou promptedst me to all.

*Kin.* Read their accusations.

*Reads.* *Creon* and *Lewcippus*, you are here accused for murdering *Vanlore*, at the siege of *Ardena*, and being accessary to the death of *Theocrine*, daughter to *Vincentio Carlo*; Guilty or not guilty?

*Cre.* Not guilty ——— my Lord, I confesse I was with this villain *Lewcippus* hir'd to do it, by this wretched *Carlo*, but 3200 had no hand in the murther, it was *Lewcippus* committed it.

*Lew.* I hope your Majesty will not believe him,  
For the Varlet is composed of falsehood,  
In the death of *Vanlore* he was as far forth  
As my self, but for the losse of *Theocrine*  
We neither of us had any hand in it,  
It was a plot contrived by *Carlo*, and my Lord  
*Arratus*, but for what ends we know not.

*Arr.* I hope my good service to your Majesty  
Hath merited better then to have my reputation  
To be call'd in question by a common Rogue.

I protest I will sue the Rascall for a slander,

—— I will slave —— by mine honour I will.

—*Kin.* Swear not my Lord, by what you have abus'd;

Honour (that venerable title) was

Slain when to 'th law you forfeited your life,

Bleeding to death at those unworthy wounds

Which these low actions to high titles gave.

—— Stand all forth, and attend your doom.

*Car.* Be merciful —— oh good my Liege, be merciful. 3220

*Arr.* Swounds! I see I shall be cheated of my head.

*Kin.* Your actions merit none, yet since it is

The best companion of a Judge, we'll in

Her virgin zone the sword of Justice wear.

—— Discover your selves ——

*Puls off the veil from Theocrine, at which Vanlore  
discovers himself.*

Here are the witnesses, brought to affirm our accusation.

*Car.* Oh let me go —— they are Spirits,

Ghosts —— Hobgoblins —— I will not stay, 3230

This is some enchanted place.

1. *Ban.* Nay Sir, you are too fast to stir.

*Arr.* S-death! what jugling's this?

*Vanlore and Theocrine kneel to Carlo.*

*Van.* Sir recollect yout spirits —— and bestow

A blessing on us, both your children now.

*Car.* Nay it is no point of my Religion to pray for the  
dead.

*The.* Sir we still live, and live to want your prayers.

*Car.* I want my money more that these two Rogues have 3240

Cousened me of, I hope your charity will

Make them restore it again, I am

An old man and like to come to want,

And every one hales what he can catch from me. (want;

*Kin.* Cursed Miser, the Law will free thee from the fear of  
For though thy damn'd intentions did not wade  
So far as action into guilt ——— thy life  
Is forfeited for the intended sin.

*Vanlore and Theo. kneels.*

*The.* If we were ever gracious in your eyes, 3250  
Let us beg pardon for him.

*Kin.* Their lives are yours, yet justice must not be  
Robb'd of all interest in them, for your sakes  
We'll mitigate their punishments. All *Carloes* wealth,  
That Devill which did tempt him to this sin,  
Being by the Law made forfeit unto us,  
We with his daughter, the fair *Theocrine*,  
Wholly bestow on *Vanlore*.

*Car.* Oh I am undone ——— I am undone,  
I had better been hang'd out of the way 3260  
Then to have liv'd to have seen my goods  
Thus gave away before my face.  
——— Oh that ever I was born!

*Kin.* For *Arratus* ——— because he valued wealth  
More than his honour, he shall ever lose  
Those glorious titles, now grown burthensome  
Unto his age, which may betake it self  
To needfull rest, whilst all his places of  
High trust are by the worthier *Vanlore* managed.  
On whom, as but a just reward unto 3270  
His merits, we bestow them.

*Van.* Your Majesty will by your goodnesse teach  
Me future gratitude ———

*Arr.* And me perhaps repentance when too late.

*Kin.* For these two villains, the base instruments  
Unto your guilt, since we desire to have

No bloud defile this dayes solemnity,  
Let them by publick Edict be for ever  
Excluded our Dominions. And now we've sheath'd  
The sword of Justice, let me open wide  
The armes of Friendship, unto you that have  
Been masqu'd in this Meander of our fate.  
My debts are great to all, but must remain  
In full arrear, untill my offerings paid  
To sacred *Hymen*, gives me liberty;  
Whose Altars now we'l all prepare to warm  
With the purest flame that ere *Sicilia* saw.  
Come *Heroïna*, let's conduct them to  
The Temple, where united hands shall prove  
Our cares are conquer'd by Victorious Love.

3280

THE END.



## NOTES



## NOTES

21. *rathe-ripe* : maturing early. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 142.
- 61-96. This is the only passage of continuous heroic couplets in *Love's Victory*. In the alteration of this drama, *Wits Led by the Nose*, 1678, rhyming couplets are the rule.
69. *pickles* : small enclosures.
74. *Satyr* : satire.
77. *They read Their*.
80. *intend* read *intend*.
82. *Corrasive* : corrosive.
127. These persons also appear in the tragicomedy: "mourners", "Serjeant", "herald", "Lady", "Surgeon", "Wenches", "Ambassador", "prisoners", "Taylor", "Hatter", "Shoomaker", "Spurrier", "Tradesmen", "Officers", "boys", "Virgins", "Maids", "Bawd", "Fidler", "Bandeets", "Sailers", "Blades", "Drawers", "Servants", "Pages", "Devill", "ghost", "bearers", "Messengers", and "Lord high Marshall".
133. *Cleon* read *Creon*.
142. *bonelace sticks*. *bonelace* : lace woven with bobbins originally made of bone. The *sticks* are bobbins.
145. *Placket squires* : petticoat gallants. Omit *not*.
146. Omit *they*.
150. *bankrouts* : bankrupts.
155. *Knight of the golden Image; Don dell Phoebo*. Cf. Falstaff's words in 1 *Henry IV*, I, ii, 16 : "Phoebus ... 'that wandering knight so fair'." Rolfe in his note on these words of Falstaff, quoting Steevens, says: "*That wandering knight*, etc. 'An allusion to El Donzel del Febo, the 'Knight of the Sun,' in a Spanish romance translated ... during the age of S[hakespeare]. This illustrious personage was 'most excellently faire,' and a great wanderer'."
158. *cham* : 'ch am : ich am : Modern English, I am. *ch*. is a southern unaccented form of Old English *ic*.
159. *cha* : 'ch a : Modern English, I have. *a* is frequently found in Early Modern English for have, singular and plural.
166. *Incubus* : an evil spirit, supposed to seek carnal intercourse with women. Cf. Chaucer, *Wife of Bath's Tale*, 880.
- Reginald Scot in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584 (ed. Nicholson), says of the incubus : "Indeed your grandam's maids were wont to set a bowl of milk before him [incubus] and his cousin, Robin Goodfellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight."—Bk. IV, ch. x, p. 67. Again he tells that "in our childhood our mothers' maids have so ... fraid us with ... Incubus ... that we are afraid of our own shadows."—Bk. VII, ch. xv, p. 122. Scot in his *Discourse upon Devils and Spirits* has this on the incubus: "The Rabbins and, namely, Rabbi Abraham, writing upon the second of Genesis, do say tha God made the fairies, bugs, Incubus, Robin Goodfellow, and other familiar or domestic spirits and devils on the Friday; and being pre-

vented with the evening of the Sabbath, finished them not, but left them unperfect; and that therefore, that ever since they use to fly the holiness of the Sabbath, seeking dark holes in mountains and woods, wherein they hide themselves till the end of the Sabbath, and then come abroad to trouble and molest men."—Ch. xi, p. 425.

There is a tradition that a branch of the Tweedy family of Scotland has descended from an incubus.

167. *fury*. Cf. ll. 1134-5, 2277-80, 2744-5, also Herrick, *His Letanie, to the Holy Spirit*:

"When the passing-bell doth tole,  
And the Furies in a shole  
Come to fright a parting soule;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!"

170. *Whore*. The use of this term by a mother of her son is a striking illustration how commonly the word was used without explicit thought of its meaning.

183. *Cropshin* : a term of disrespect. The word designated herring of inferior quality.

188. *devill in Carrion* : a malapropism for devil incarnate.

189. *Angels* : an old English coin having as its device the archangel Michael standing upon and piercing the dragon. The last value of the angel recorded in the *N. E. D.*—and that nearest the time of Chamberlaine as well—is "6 Edw. VI 10s."

*vitty* : fitting, suitable.

190. *supply* : substitute.

207. *tont come ofe* : it won't come off.

210. *Mouster* : muster. *a vier* : afire.

*snipper snappers*. This word is a coinage to describe some device like the flintlock or the gun as fitted with it in allusion to its quick snap or noise.

223. *dossety* : teachableness.

*and* : an : if.

261. *You* read Yon.

271. *funerals*. The plural is used in the sense of our singular.

294. *sables* : garments for mourning.

296. The member introduced by *though* modifies the clause following it.

302. *dormitory* : tomb.

331. The sense is : *giving to all*.

337. Omit *the*.

423. *ma.* : *manent* : remain.

439. *Calentures* : ardor.

514. *hop munday* : Hock Monday. "Hoke Monday was for the men, and Hock Tuesday for the women. On both days the men and women, alternately, with great merriment intercepted the public roads with ropes, and pulled passengers to them, from whom they exacted money to be laid out in pious uses."—Brand, *Antiquities*, ed. 1813, "Hoke Day," vol. i, p. 161. Gudgeon's remark signifies that the "two cheats" Creon and Lewcippus bind and gag him and Buffonie, and then pick their pockets.

518. *Pick*. This verb is in the plural, for the subject *They* is understood—in the two stage directions immediately preceding *They* is expressed.

527. *Bores* : boors.

535. *unmerciful* read *unmerciful*.

536. *Marry gip*. "In the 16th c., when *marry* had *prob.* ceased to be commonly apprehended as anything more than a mere interjection, the sound of the oath *By Mary Gippy* (i. e. 'By St. Mary of Egypt') seems to have suggested the addition to it of the interjections *Gip*, *Gup*."—*N. E. D.*

544. The surgeon also enters.

592. *ghests* : guests.

615. "*Ex. om.*" occurs at the end of only the second and third of the five acts of the drama.

628. *Cro.* read *Cre.*

*Knight of Malta*. It is suggestive in this connection to recall the Fletcherian tragicomedy of *The Knight of Malta*, appearing in 1619, a play setting forth "contest for honors" and "the ideal of knighthood." The quotations are from Dr. F. E. Schelling's *Elizabethan Drama*, ed. 1908, vol. ii, pp. 221, 425.

631. *Catch-poles* : petty officers of justice.

639. *respectively* : with respect.

642. *Levalto's*. The 's was a frequent plural sign of singular nouns ending with a vowel.

671-7. Merely the real wars in which Creon said he participated extended over more than four-hundred years.

680. *stangely* read *strangely*.

691. *Carlo Buffonie* is called *Cosmo Buffonie* in l. 215.

695. *Couzen* : nephew. The word was used for almost any relationship.

704. *Gotfer* : an old man, a term of address to an old man.

733. *birtch* read *birth*.

752. The sense is : *we sleighting Neptune did begin*.

758. *Whil'st* read *Whilst* : also in l. 766.

774. *amaze* : amazement.

797. *Damps* : dejection.

836. *Nurst* read *Nurse* 't.

869. *disvellop* : unfold.

896. *bnt* read *but*.

911. *shal's*. On this form there is this pertinent note in Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* : "Us for we in 'shall's.' 'Shall,' originally meaning necessity or obligation, and therefore not denoting an *action* on the part of the subject, was used in the South of England as an impersonal verb. . . . Hence in Shakespeare 'Say, where shall's lay him?'—*Cymb.* IV. 2. 233."

914. *off* : of.

929. *born* : borne.

933. *yard* : stick.

956. *taffaty* : taffeta.

963. *Crispin* : a name given to a shoemaker in allusion to St. Crispin, a patron saint of shoemakers.

964. 3. read 3. *Tra*.

965. *Sir Hue* : also Sir Hugh. St. Hugh was a patron saint of shoemakers. His bones, it was supposed, were made into shoemakers tools.

"St. Hugh was the patron saint of shoemakers, and his bones were supposed to have been made into shoemaker's tools, for which this came to be a common term."—Note on "Saint Hugh's bones" in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, Thomas Dekker, *The Mermaid Series*, edited by Ernest Rhys, III, iii, 51.

968. *Indiaes* : allusively a land of fabulous wealth.

973. *square* : quarrel.

991. *father-law* : father-in-law.

1061. *Miverna* read *Minerva*.

1070. *go* read to.

1079. *mortall* : human being.

1105. Omitting the comma at the end of the line makes the meaning clear.

1120. *stoop't* read stoopt. *discovery* : revelation.

1140. *fond* : foolish.

1154. *fool*. The word was used as a term of endearment or pity.

1209. *where's fate* read where fate's.

1266. *The Song* is without doubt original on the part of Chamberlaine.

1291. *faßall* read *fatal*.

1350. *exuberate* : superabundant.

1395. *my thought* : methought.

1424. *sleightly* : slightly, sleightingly.

1428. Vanlore's broken English is not consistent, e. g. *de* and *the*, *dat* and *that*.

1431. *begar* is a minced oath equivalent to *begad* or by God.

1455. This line is not object of *hate* but explanatory of *him* in the preceding line.

1485. *Basilisks* : a fabulous reptile whose hissing drove away all other serpents and whose breath and look were fatal.

1521. *Boyes* : doubtless bays in the sense of bank as in l. 2458. The possibility however must not be overlooked that *Boyes* may stand for buoys. The word in this sense marks out the *channell* so far as the *streams* have been restrained by reason, but now the buoys have been borne under by the irresistible flood.

1527. *repair*. This is the historic present.

1544. *obedienee* read obedience.

1548. *impudence* : confidence.

1563. That for *Of* conveys the meaning.

1565. *angels* read angel.

1578. *Gally pots* : gallipots, small pots for medicines. *Ventosses* : ventoses, cupping-glasses.

1609. *encounter*. Either this may be regarded a plural verb where the subject they (expressed later in the line) is understood, or it may be a mistake for the singular verb having for its subject *love* in the preceding line. In either case the sense is the same.

1679. *Woot* : wilt thou. Cf. *Hamlet*, V. i, 298, 299.

1682. *the shaking of the sheets*. In *Old English Popular Music* by William Chappell there are these words on *The Shaking of the Sheets* : "This is the other of the two 'very old country dances' given by Sir John Hawkins [in his *History of Music*], as mentioned under the preceding tune [*Trenchmore*]; and there is the same uncertainty in this case as in that of *Trenchmore* whether the original was a ballad or a dance tune." Chappell, *Old English Popular Music*, ed. Wooldridge, 1893, vol. i, p. 228.

1689. To these stage directions should be added : *leading in* Heroína.

1720. Omit *3. Ban.* and the indentation.

1739. *Gndgeon* read Gudgeon.

1764. *Lobby* : a small place enclosed by hedges or trees.

1767. *brothsr* read brother.

1789. *untrusse* : undress.

1795. *I* : aye, yes.

1819-20. The sense is : *withdrew, as we fear, to fight*.

1846. *whist* read whilst.

1854. *maid Marrian*. In the May-day festivity of England a boy or young man often dressed in woman's attire.

1861. *Good-be-wy* : a form of God be with you or ye.

1869. *snd* read and.

1875. *doubt* : fear.

1935. *uhe* read *the*.

1945. *smoother* : smother. In l. 2128 the word is spelled with one o.

1949. *Idea* : image.

1958. *Enthean* : inspired by an indwelling god.

1973. *Limbeck* : alembic, or cap of a still.

2004. *Cough* : cough.

2030. *marry* : an interjection.

2083. *Godg.* read Gudge.

2095. *frumps* : jeers.

2109. *about* read a bout.

*trull-me-dems*. "The ladies, gentlewomen, wives and maids, may in one of the galleries walk; and if the weather be not agreeable to their expectation, they may have in the end of a bench eleven holes made, into the which to troll pummets, or bowls of lead, big, little or mean, or also of copper, tin, wood, either violent or soft, after their own discretion : the pastime *troule-in-madame* is called."—Dr. John Jones, *Ancient Baths of Buckstone*, 1572.

2124. *Har'd* : knotted.

2140. *Courtnowles* : a contemptuous or familiar name for courtiers.

2158. *Paranymphs* : either bridesmaids or groomsman.

2163. *axperimental* : experienced.

2166. *Sometime* read some time.

2176. *Galliards* : lively dances.  
 2186. *They* read *Their*.  
 2187. Read *softnesse* of.  
 2191. *friend* is used in address.  
 2215. *wait* : accompany.  
 2217. *severally* : separately.  
 2229. *spectrum* : specter.  
 2230. *banes* : banns.  
 2272. *Wi h* read *With*.  
 2273. *souty* : sooty.  
 2276. *Still* : always.  
 2305. *commerce* : interchange.  
 2321. Omit the comma in order to get the sense.  
 2330. *Enchac't* : set gold, etc. with gems.  
 2388. *Retort* : hurl back.  
 2395. *Legitimated* : rendered lawful.  
 2438. *thought* read *thought*.  
 2458. *bayes* : banks.  
 2463. *Gro.* read *Oro*.  
 2467. *laver* : any spiritually cleansing agency.  
 2479. *Shine* read *Shines*.  
 2481. *affect* : love.  
 2485. *The King* in the alteration of this play, *Wits Led by the Nose*, is regularly called *Antellus*.  
 2496. *they're heavy leads*. The word *leads* means pieces of lead in allusion to their weight, a use that would not seem strange at the time the drama was written because of the constant use of the word for lead plates, bobs, vessels, etc. For the figurative application cf. Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, III, xi, 72, "Love, I am full of lead."  
 2530. *cry* : be advertised by outcry.  
 2555. *suddenly* : immediately.  
 2565. *Gallery*. In the drama of *The Strange Discovery*, printed in 1640, Persina, "Queene of the AÆthiopians," remarks : "we happened one time to rest us after dinner in a gallerie where hung rare pictures and images." J. Gough, *The Strange Discovery*, 1640, *Actus quarti, Scena prima*, l. 35.  
 Also see the word in the note on l. 2109.  
 2592. *Arrr.* read *Ar*.  
 2612. *store* : great quantity.  
 2615. *vestigia* : traces.  
 2716. *Gro.* read *Oro*.  
 2743. *Lixivium* : a solution obtained from substances by lixiviation.  
 2765. *ingage* : pledge.  
 2780. *imbraces*. The subject of this verb, *five zones*, may be regarded a collective noun, and it consequently requires a singular verb; or if the subject is plural the verb may be considered the s-plural. The meter of the line requires the extra syllable formed by s.  
 2814. *horst* : supplied horses for.

2848. *Whether* : whither.  
2987. 1. *Bad*. read 1. *Ban*.  
2989. 2. read 2. *Ban*.  
2994. *Taster* : one whose duty it is to test the quality of food or drink by tasting it before serving it to his master. Here the word has a vicious significance. It alludes to the thwarted intention of ll. 2843-60, which precedes the marriage of the King to Heroína.  
3008. *mourning* read *mourning*.  
3056. *sounds* read *swounds*.  
3090. *stanger* read stranger.  
3094. *Yonr* read Your.  
3119. *E izium* read Elizium.  
3163. *pron ise* read promise.  
3219. *attend* : listen to.  
3244. *hales* : drag or take with violence.











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